

Special Features This Issue

"Cedar Key Small Boat Meet"
"Voting Day" - "Building a Bigger Melonseed"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 22 - Number 4

July 1, 2004



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On the Cover...

Florida's Cedar Key Small Boat Meet celebrated its 20th Anniversary in early May and we have lots of coverage in this issue, thanks to Ron Hoddinott and Robb White.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



pfds be worn by all persons onboard all boats.

I saw one instance of small outboard overloading when anchored with friends on their sailboat off a local harbor island. The skiff heading for the island had so many people in it that they were all standing up! It was to be a picnic day on the island, apparently and who wanted to make several round trips to ferry the whole gang out there. Such a circumstance is supposedly taken care of by the manufacturer's plate which specifies maximum number of passengers any production boat may carry.

These ongoing attempts to impose regulations upon us "for our own good" are made because those who are in charge of regulating public activities (including public safety) would like to have us all under their control at all times. The politically invisible communities (kayaks, canoes, small human powered boats in our case) are fair game for regulation while those who have some political clout (often business organizations which sell the products) can often "kill" proposed regulations which they view unfavorably. In the boating world the power boat business continues to see to it that nobody (children excepted) is required to have an operator's license to operate any sort of motorboat, even the largest, most powerful and most dangerous to others on the water if operated incompetently.

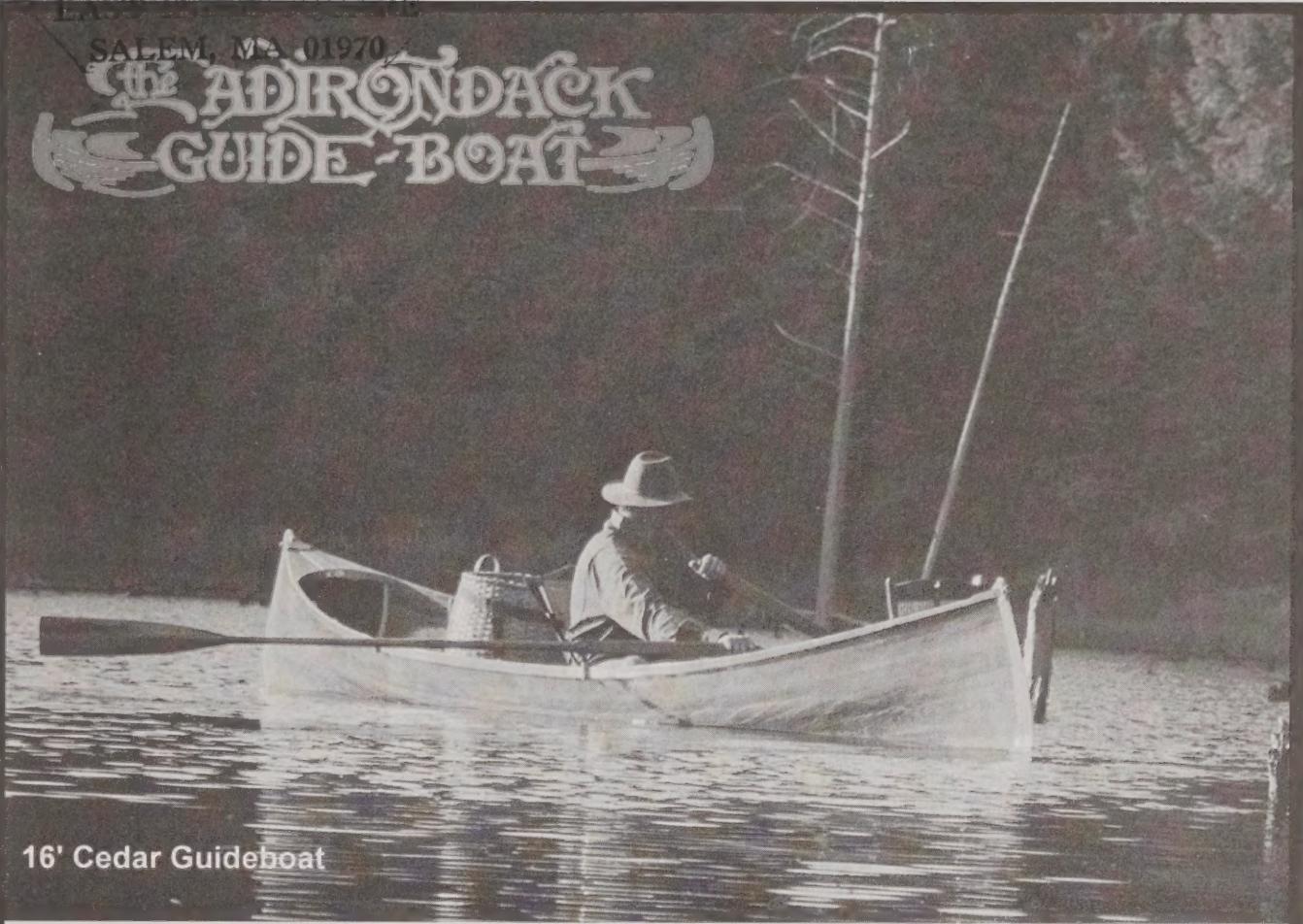
So, those of you contemplating kayaking on Massachusetts waters this summer better inquire about this new regulation so you won't end up getting a ticket from the environmental police or some local harbor police because you do not have a pfd on.

Another note on the gathering gloom of looming regulations: In my May 1st "Commentary" I discussed the possible impact of the impending July imposition of increased Coast Guard and local law enforcement monitoring of hundreds of harbors and thousands of coastal sites which our government considers to be potential targets of those elusive terrorists. I described a potential scenario of tightened restrictions on small boat activities that some might be disposed to scoff at. Well, be forewarned again. I recently heard from reader Chuck Sutherland from Pennsylvania, the man who introduced me to sea kayaking in 1984, and a long time active kayak safety advocate. Chuck was planning a paddling trip to a historic fort on the Delaware River and called the Park Service to inquire about making such a visit.

The nice Park Service lady on the phone told him, "Mr. Sutherland, if you and your friends land on this island (the fort is on a river island accessible by tour boats) you will be arrested!" Have a nice summer.

SALEM, MA 01970

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June 18-20 No Octane Regatta, Blue Mtn Lake, NY
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June 26-7 Vermont Outdoor's Woman, Stowe VT
July 16-8 Adirondack Living, Lake Placid, NY
July 17-8 Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, VT
July 30-1 Aug Champlain Valley Folk Festival
July 30-1 Aug Finger Lakes Antique Boat Show NY
July 30-Aug 1 Shelburne Museum, Shelburne, VT
Aug 6-8 Antique & Classic Boatshow Clayton NY
Aug 6-8 Hildene Arts Fest, Manchester, VT
Aug 13-15 Maine Boats & Harbors, Rockland ME
Aug 20-22 Lake Placid Art Fest, Lake Placid NY
Sep 10-12 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Fest WA
Sep 23-6 Norwalk Boat Show, Norwalk, CT
Sep 24-6 Eastern States Expo, Springfield MA
Oct 1-3 Hildene Arts Fest, Manchester, VT
Oct 8-10 Stowe Arts Festival, Stowe, VT
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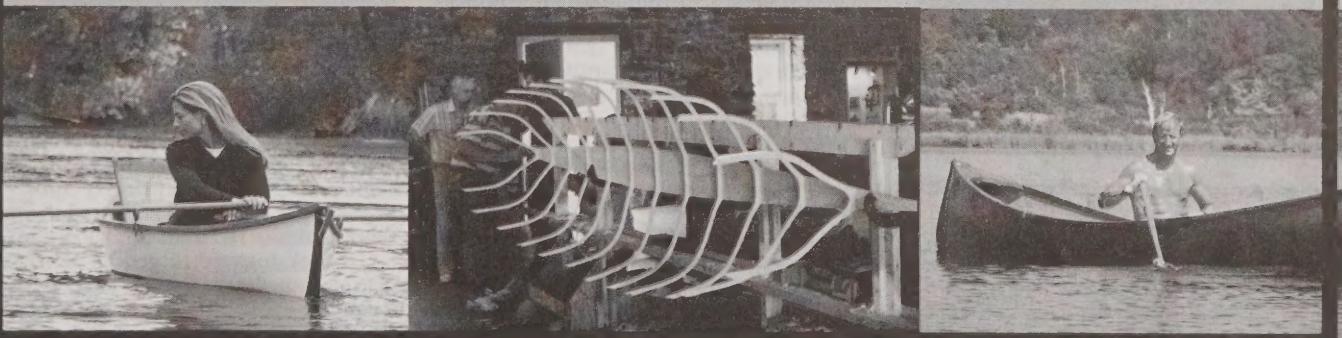
"Once you get into one of these boats you won't want to get out." Vogue

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15' Cedar Guideboat Kit

15' Kevlar Guideboat



You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

It's 4am and I Can't Sleep

It is 4am and I cannot sleep until I get this story into the computer and out of my system. You see, I'm inhabited (and sometimes badly inhibited) by a something inside me that is pure genius. I call him/it my Dreammeister and he/it creates dreams of such ingenuity, sheer creativity, and glorious living color (also in black and white) that I am humbled, nay overwhelmed, by the genius of whatever it is that resides within me.

Tonight, the Dreammeister presented a streaming video of entertainment vignettes, none of which made much sense but were, nevertheless, amusing and entrancing because of their vast variety and ingenuity. Suddenly, I am watching a segment in which a young man explains that he paints the bottom of his boat underwater. Some one asks how he can handle a pot of paint and brush underwater, and he explains that (name of well known company) has marketed a roller whose handle contains a power unit consisting of one of those CO₂ cartridges used to make and squirt seltzer water or to inflate lifevests. Put on scuba gear or maybe a snorkel, get underwater next to your boat, squeeze the trigger, and roll on the paint.

Then the stream deteriorates into some drivel about cleaning up with the fresh water produced by the roller handle. A voice impatiently interjects (he must have read some of my messages on the tugboat chat groups on the Web). "Oh do get on it with it! You're as bad as Hugh Ware!"

The comic appearance of my name in my own dream is a new twist. Never before has the Dreammeister used any humor except that of the black kind so I have to wake up. My barely suppressed amusement wakes up my wife who does not find the dream quite as amusing as I do, and she goes back to sleep. I try to sleep but found myself fantasizing about being much younger and alone in a 24' sailboat becalmed in mid Pacific. I have decided the bottom has grown a lot of grass since leaving the Galapagos and needs cleaning and repainting.

I'm underwater with my magic paint roller when I sense something behind me. Turning, I see a shark too closely investigating my activities. I bop him on the nose with the roller and he pivots and flashes away. I then wonder whether the tapering swatch of bottom paint down his side will impede his top speed or improve it.

But wouldn't it be wonderful to paint the bottom of a boat while it's in the water? No more reserving a launch time. No need to touch up those spots where the jackstands or slings were. Just dive overboard and paint.

Hugh Ware, Manchester, MA

Coast Guard Retirement

I just retired after 26 years of active duty in the Coast Guard, the last 5 at Coast Guard Station New York as the Engineering Petty Officer (the EPO is in charge of all engineering and mechanical aspects of the station, including ensuring the assigned boats

are maintained and ready to go at all times and that all unit docks and station buildings are kept in good operating order). After September 11, 2001, like all Americans, things changed forever for us in the way we approached working in New York Harbor. Looking back since my last day, December 2003, I tip my hat to the Coast Guard men and women who patrol those harbor waters, in all hours of the day, in all kinds of weather, while we all sleep safely in our own beds at night. This kind of dedication goes on at all of our stations and cutters throughout the country.

The one thing that helped keep me going during the dark days after the terror attacks on the Twin Towers was knowing my Microtrawler project awaited my return. This project was started in 1995, but a tour on the Upper Mississippi River on the *USCGC Scioto* for 3 years followed by the hectic work pace at Station New York really curtailed the building process. I hope to have it done by early fall, 2004, but we'll see how that prediction holds up.

I find that I spend a lot of time sanding and epoxying, sanding and epoxying trying to achieve the best possible "Bristol Finish" (or is that "Bordentown Finish"?) that this amateur builder can hope to have. I kind of have thoughts in the back of my mind that if for some reason the Good Lord does not see me fit to enter His kingdom, that a row of Microtrawlers, unfinished with poorly applied epoxy fillets and a pack of well worn 60 grit sandpaper sheets awaits my eternal damnation. If there are any other Microtrawler builders out there, I'd love to hear from them if they have any war stories to share while they built up their own mini tug yachts.

Michael J. Notigan, 2173 Old York Rd., Bordentown, NJ 08505

Information of Interest...

Rope Work Can Amuse Sailors for Hours

Sailors can talk for hours about knots and rope work. One of the things that comes out in such conversations is the different names for what are the same knots. For instance, in the May 1 issue Sam Chapin shows several knots, including one he calls a "Studding Sail Hitch." It is the same knot shown in *Ashley* (the "Bible") as a buntline hitch. *Ashley* does not have something he calls a studding sail hitch. "Different ships, different long splices," as it were. Both two half hitches and the buntline hitch can also be thought of as a clove hitch on the standing part, the difference being whether the hitch is made toward or away from the loop at the end of the line.

Speaking of names, I find it interesting that a sheet bend is supposedly so named because that is how the sheets were attached to the clews of square sails. However, a sheet bend made in an already existing loop is properly called a becket bend. The clews of square sails are formed by a loop of the bolt rope, and the sheet usually has a block at that end. The rope tails of the block are put into

the clew and held there by stopper knots on the ends.

See the accompanying picture. The block at the top is for the clew garnet, the heavy line leading to the left is the tack and the other block (with line leading to the right) is the sheet.

Yes, rope work can amuse sailors for hours.

Gene Bjerke, Williamsburg, VA



About Electrolytic Cleaning

Robb White mentions in his article in the 15 May issue that he was having trouble getting the inside passages of his manifold cleaned out using electro chemical methods.

In electro chemical cleaning, or in electro plating, any negative space is hard to work on because of the Faraday cage effect. Since all the ions on the object are the same polarity they are trying to repel one another. Because of this repelling effect the ions mostly stay on the surface of the material if it is a conductor. Faraday used this property to shield his experiments from stray currents when he was doing experiments with very sensitive galvanometers in the early days of electricity. The idea is still used in many places where protection from electrical phenomenon's is necessary.

Remember from high school physics when they showed you the Van de Graaff Generator with the big ball on top that gave off 2" sparks when you touched the outside. The ball had a hole in it and you could touch the inside of the metal ball with a conductor and get no spark. Positive or negative ions don't like to go down holes or onto surfaces that curve inward. If you were doing this industrially you would figure out how to flow the electrolyte through the passages instead of immersing the whole thing. That's what is going on with Robb's project and why the sash weights, which were mostly positive curves, cleaned up well though even they would have been slower to get clean in the hanging hole.

In my late teens I made an electro plating tank and did copper and nickel plating for some parts of an Austin Healey Sprite. Had to learn this stuff for that. I used the power supply from an HO train set to do the plating.

I look forward to getting *MAIB* more than any other magazine and eagerly look for Robb's articles.

David A. Laux, Georgetown, DE

DC vs AC & the Neptune Mighty Mite

I cannot answer Robb White's question about electrolytic cleaning. In the late '30s we engineering students at Tufts College worked with DC machines in EE lab. DC bites as much as AC. Edison's DC lost out to AC because it cannot be transmitted long distances efficiently. Transformers don't work on DC, so you cannot transmit at high voltage and use at low voltages. Even cars switched long ago from DC generators to AC alternators and rectifiers to provide 12VDC..

The original Neptune Mighty Mite cost just under \$100 (\$99.95 I think). I bought one new in 1951 as an auxiliary for my old Lightning (#609). I don't remember it having a clutch. It did its job fine.

Dave Carnell, Wilmington, NC

Outboard History

I enjoyed your last issue of *MAIB* as usual and remembered the times when I had an outboard motor. Some good times, but I still remember yanking and cussing when trying to start one. Not the best of times.

I thought there might be some readers who are interested in old motors and would enjoy a visit to the New Hampshire Boat Museum in Wolfeboro, NH. It has a great collection of early outboards and many other. While in Wolfeboro take some time to visit the Wright Museum on the same stretch of Rt. 109. The Wright Museum covers the years 1939-1945, both World War II and the home front.

Dick Berg, Rochester, NH

NEW HAMPSHIRE BOAT MUSEUM

397 Center Street
Route 28
Wolfeboro
New Hampshire

The Wright Museum is located in New Hampshire and focuses on the years 1939-1945, specifically the Home Front. The banner features a stylized American flag design. Below the banner is a black and white photograph of a military tank parked in front of a brick building with a large arched entrance. An American flag flies from a pole to the left of the tank. The text "WRIGHT MUSEUM" is prominently displayed in the center of the banner, with "AMERICA at WAR" and "1939-1945" below it, and "THE HOME FRONT" at the bottom.

This Magazine...

History of an MAIB Reader

I fell in love with small boat sailing with Arthur Ransome's *Swallows and Amazons* and all the rest of his books which I have read countless times over the past seventy (literally) years. Until retirement, I was always a small boat sailor. In more recent years, as I will outline, I have switched to power.

My first boat was a Bermuda punt that I rigged for sail with the storm jib of a commercial yacht as the main, catboat rigged. She could sail against the wind, but with countless tacks, the keel being a piece of 1" plywood secured with angle irons. This was in 1937.

Her successor, also in the '30s, was a 14' Bermuda racing punt, fixed keel, main and jib. In her I was allowed out of Salt Kettle Marina into Hamilton (Bermuda) Harbor although no one ever suggested I should carry, let alone wear, a PFD. Later on, when I was a boarder in a Bermuda school, I crewed on an 18' sloop to my great delight.

Time passed and there was a war on. In several southern areas, my army bases were near water and by volunteering to scrub and clean I was able to sail, but in India, on the Burmese border, boating was in small hunting skiffs looking for duck and deer which were significant food for my English tea planter friends. All I cared about was boating.

After the war I started teaching in New England and ended up with a 16' catboat built

in 1906 to which, at some time, had been added an Atomic 4 inboard. This was *Chota Peg I*. We kept her in Norwalk, Connecticut and cruised and overnighted on Long Island Sound..

Job change took me to New Orleans and a lot of sailing on Lake Ponchartrain in assorted boats owned by parents of students at the first school of which I was headmaster. In that dozen plus years I was boatless but regularly on the water.

My next school was in Clearwater, Florida. Oddly, I do not remember *Chota Peg II* save that she was sloop rigged and we spent many pleasant nights at assorted islands. Don't know why she is a mystery as I recall all the details of the others.

Chota Peg III was the first retirement boat. Partly because I live on the Atlantic coast with few overnight sites and an ICW not suitable for tacking, and partly because my late wife had hip problems, we turned from sail to power, getting an elderly Trojan 26 with incredible cabin and cockpit room and a top speed of 9 knots with the tide astern. She served us well but she was not truly a good boat for the Coast Guard Auxiliary, with which I had become deeply involved.

Chota Peg is something of a pun. In Urdu it is a "short whiskey". I translated it somewhat freely, as "Little Peggy", and since my marriage some 54 years ago all my boats have born that name.

After my wife Peggy's passing, I bought a boat essentially for Auxiliary safety Patrols, doing over 100 hours a year. She is an 18' single engine outboard and were I to buy one again I would get one a little larger for training purposes. Outside of that she has and does serve me and the Auxiliary well.

As you see, my recent boats are not the type you write about, but my earlier boating memories, including time as a summer camp canoe and sailing instructor, makes *MAIB* a joy.

Thomas Shaw, Wilmington, NC

Editor Comments: For a number of years Tom contributed a regular safe boating column based on his USCG Auxiliary experiences.

Congratulations

Congratulations on surpassing the 500th issue milestone, a remarkable achievement, not only for a great publication, but for a truly great editor calling the shots.

Dave Janz, Milton, WI

Love the Magazine

Love your magazine, thank you. Good luck in 2004.

J. Migge, Key Largo, FL



Tall Ships Down

By Daniel S. Parrott

Captain of the *Pride of Baltimore II*
International Marine/McGraw-Hill, 2004
\$14.95 Paperback

Reviewed by Ron McIrvin

"It was impossible to keep the bow head-on to those tremendous waves. She was lying broadside on. The masts snapped and her sails blew away. The end only took 30 seconds. In the trough of a giant wave she rolled right over and we last saw her bottom up and going down by the bow like a submarine slowly diving." An excerpt from the report of crewman Hasselbach, one of six (6) survivors out of 86 on board the 316' 4 masted steel barque *Pamir* lost in mid Atlantic September 21, 1957.

Pamir Sinking Possible Causes:

Structural integrity possible

Weather not as likely

Human factor at sea no conclusions can be drawn

Human factor ashore changed grain storage on ship from sacks to bulk. Loose grain can flow with ship heeling, reducing stability.

Cargo It was simply dangerous to carry bulk grain on a sailing ship like the *Pamir* because the grain will shift; it should be sacked.

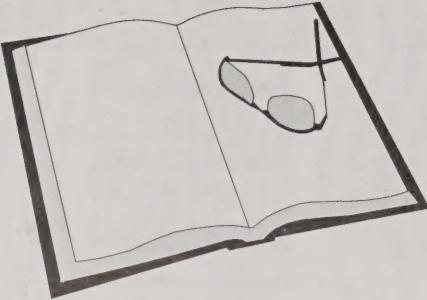
Inquiry Shipboard inexperience contributed to the casualty.

Inquiry revisited Not a satisfactory inquiry.

Mr. Parrott gives us the story of 5 sailing ships lost at sea including the history of the ship, its final day and an in depth discussion of the likely causes of the sinking of the ship. The ships include the 316' *Pamir* (1905 1957); 117' *Albatross* (1921 - 1961); 88'. *Marques* (1917 1984); 90' *Pride of Baltimore* (1977 - 1986); and the 98' *Maria Asumpta* (1858 1995). It is a thorough job yet written in an interesting prose that held my interest.

Anyone who likes boats either large or small would enjoy the stories of these ships and the analyzing of the causes of their sinking. While reading these stories, you can't help but think of your own voyages probably# smaller and likely in a smaller boat. It helps one to realize that attention must be paid to detail (all details), otherwise conditions can combine, sometimes quickly, that will expose the weaknesses of your vessel resulting in an accident. Like these 5 tall ships, your vessel could be lost, the sea is unforgiving.

The book has 282 pages, including several good pictures of all 5 ships. An appendix with a technical review of vessel stability is included. A memoriam lists the names of all persons lost on these ships. Also included is a detailed list of notes or references used by the author in preparing the text.



Book Review

The Wreck

of the

William Brown:

A True Tale of

Overcrowded Lifeboats and

Murder at Sea

By Tom Koch

International Marine/McGraw-Hill, 2004

ISBN 0-071-43468-2

\$22.95 Hardcover

Reviewed by John Stilgoe

Human nature changes at sea. Once in control of tiller or wheel, some weekend boaters become tyrants, shouting orders to hapless crew and passengers, ruining what ought to be a pleasant cruise. Their friends wish for escape, but the sea offers no place to run, and the boat offers only the gunwale and a chance to swim, maybe drown. Mankind evolved on land, and took to boats late. Taking to ship's boats and lifeboats may bring out the best in people, but as Tom Koch details in *The Wreck of the William Brown*, it sometimes brings out the absolute worst.

In 1841 an American sailing ship carrying emigrants from Liverpool to Philadelphia collided with pan ice, then struck an iceberg about fifteen minutes later. Under full sail, making ten knots in the dark, the ship struck hard the first time and bows on the second. After about twenty two days of foul weather, crowded against sixty five passengers themselves jammed into makeshift accommodations in a cargo hold, and busy with repairing gale damage, neither crew nor officers saw the ice in time. Koch sifts available testimony carefully, using his own experiences in a lifetime at sea to correlate known facts against what seamen expect might have happened. Almost certainly, no one reduced sail after the first collision, and while the second collision did not dismast the vessel, it stove in the bows so badly that officers and crew turned immediately to the longboat and the jollyboat.

Impossible as it sounds, the men took two hours to launch the small craft. They had to rid the boats of spare lumber and other

dunnage, and keep away the passengers. During the hours after the collision most passengers realized that many would be left aboard the sinking wreck. One seaman, Alexander Holmes, brought a woman aboard the longboat by climbing down a line with her in his arms. A steward leapt into the frigid North Atlantic and swam to the jollyboat, only to be told to swim to the longboat, into which his fellow crewmen pulled him. Koch describes the wreck and its aftermath splendidly, without hype and without sentiment. But his finest chapters involve the passage of the small boats and its aftermath.

Quickly the boats separated, the jollyboat making for Newfoundland, the longboat rowing slowly in the same direction. Within hours, in high winds, taking on water, and soon surrounded by ice, the seamen began talking of throwing passengers overboard. No one proposed drawing lots. Several seamen tapped a male passenger on his shoulder, then threw him over the side. More followed, along with two women. Soon after, an eastbound American sailing ship spotted the castaways, rescued them, and carried them to Le Havre.

In France both the United States and British consuls found themselves involved in genuine nastiness. As the story emerged, the British government demanded justice, and in deepening shame the United States determined to prosecute some officers and crew. In the end, in a way that makes chilling reading, Holmes alone wound up in Philadelphia for trial, was convicted in an uproar of dissension, and sentenced to a year in prison. Koch demonstrates that the lucrative emigrant trade necessitated finding a scapegoat. But Koch never lets the reader forget that one person may act heroically one moment and grotesquely selfishly the next.

In piecing together a story maddeningly incomplete (no one knows the exact rig of the *William Brown* for example), Koch interweaves details from better known shipwrecks. Most of the time the technique works well, but examples from the *Titanic* sinking raise questions of steel vs. wood and, of course, scale. Just as that immense steamship dwarfed a sailing vessel like *William Brown*, so the sailing ship dwarfed its small boats. Now and then a word jars the reader (as when Koch talks about the "bridge" of *William Brown* rather than its quarterdeck), but the thesis of the book, its illustrations, and its broad background material combine into a powerful narrative about survival at sea in the era before ship's boats became the British Board of Trade lifeboats accepted everywhere at sea around 1885.

When mid-ocean sudden disaster thrusts crew and passengers into tiny boats, human nature twists and snaps. Koch substantiates what scholarship has only recently uncovered. Sailing ship seamen often stuck together despite racial differences and moved against passengers. The foundering of *William Brown*, as in the subsequent sinking of the *Arctic* and other vessels, demonstrates that male passengers, and women and children, often died, sometimes by murder, so seamen might live.

(John Stilgoe, recently author of *Lifeboat: A History of Courage, Craveness, and Survival at Sea*, sails a ship's lifeboat built in 1935 and is always sweetly dispositioned at the tiller).

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Atsena Otie...they were coming and going from that beach like wasps from the nest.

Off to the Big Cedar Key Messabout

By Robb White

Jane and I went to the big Cedar Key Messabout for the first time. We went down on Friday and stayed in an old retro style motel... well, it wasn't "retro style, it was the genuine 1950's article meticulously fixed up just like the original old coastal "camps" they used to have all over Florida back in the good old days with a complete little kitchen and all. The only difference was that the appliances were new and not rusty and the air conditioner worked good.

One of the fellow messers had told us about it and I'll pass along the recommendation. "Far Away Inn" is the best little motel I have stayed in since the fifties. It is so old style that the family who own and run it are on a first name basis all the time you are there. They are pet friendly and we were also on a first name basis with the old dog, too. It was a charming little place full of little flowery nooks and pools with Gambusia mosquito fish. Another charming aspect was that they had a little open shed with porch swings on it looking out at the little beach where messers could sit and swing and look at their boats anchored on the shallow (real shallow...reminded me of home) flats.

Nothing enhances the ambience of a messabout event better than sitting in the shade looking out at somebody else's boat swinging alongside your pride and joy and discussing various favorable impressions in a knowledgeable and polite way and telling jokes and talking about philosophy.

One man explained his relationship with women. He said he was a serial monogamist. I offered the condensation of a lifetime of research and observed that women were different from men and some of them were different from other women and those were the most interesting of the species to me. We noticed that there were several other places on Cedar Key where that same thing was going on and I bet the participants in the other discussions were just as happy as the folks at the Faraway Inn. The place was very reasonably priced but they only have a few of the little houses so I bet, since I have already reserved little old #9 again for next year, it will be full up for the '05 (time do fly, for an old guy don't it?) messabout so perhaps a trip at another time might be better. I recommend the fall, myself. That's more tranquil.

Which, ain't nothing tranquil about the Cedar Key messabout. That's a busy time. I

think Friday afternoon was the slowest moving and it quickened up as soon as we got unloaded. I didn't even get to launch the boat before it was time to go to this nice resident messer's house for a little marveling and more philosophical discussion. He had the nicest outfit. The house was under an enormous live oak tree and, like my shop, had been built all by himself and his family. The word was that he had elevated the little original structure that was already there and built himself a shop underneath it and then fixed up the little "old Florida" house on top back so that it was just right and added on a little here and improved a little there.

It was crowded with messers by the time we got there and my mind quickly became boggled by all the people I knew but had never seen before. You know I have poor people recognition skills. Everybody looks just about alike to me. I had a hell of a time back in the hippie days, I tell you. A lot of the names sounded familiar but, you know I am not good about names, either. If I am going to see somebody, I have to ask Jane what their name is and then write it in the dust on the dashboard of the car so I can temporarily memorize it before I get out and a lot of the time I have to go back and take another little look.

Anyway, we from Far Away ate a little tidbit or two and talked a little noise and learned a little lore. I, for one, learned from a man who I believe I already knew, and hope I'll remember next time I see him, that the easiest way to open one of those twist off beer bottle caps is to push the cap lightly, nose to the forearm, and twist the bottle. Somehow the friction of the skin holds the cap tight enough to loosen it up without hurting you. I guess it is a surface area phenomenon or something but it is much easier than trying to take the damned thing off with your neck strangling grip and you won't cut yourself, either. Of course most barmaids I ever met have special calluses from doing that a thousand times a night... never let a barmaid get hold of your neck is my advice.

Anyway as we trudged back to the motel, there was a steady stream of other messers

strolling the quaint little streets to where the party was. We did not worry that some of them would not be messers but gangsters and thugs because I don't believe they let gangsters and thugs on Cedar Key. It is a little place but it has a very vigilant, very polite police presence. Even the most tattooed, body pierced teenager keeps his britches pulled up on Cedar Key and is apt to smile and wave at old poofs like me.

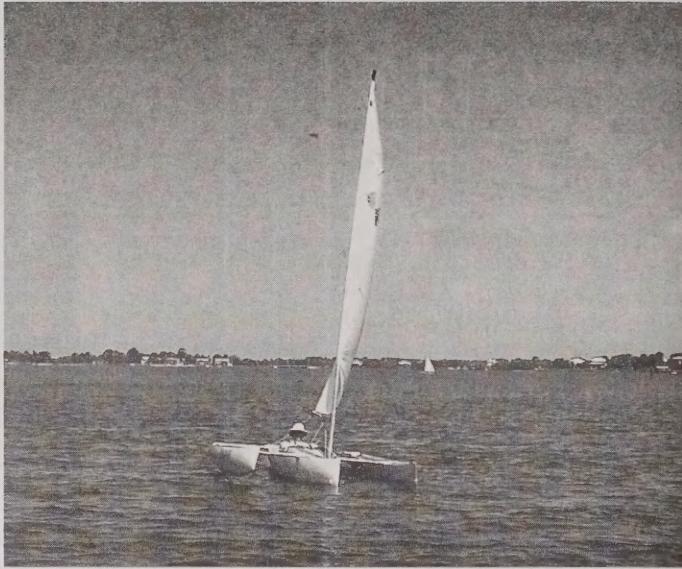
Next morning we went to launch the Rescue Minor. At that, I think I better explain and apologize for taking a motor boat to that non internal combustion event but I did it purely as an act of altruism toward the Atkins who actually figured out the Seabright tunnel hull skiff concept. Here I have built this outlaw boat and made wild claims about its performance... took liberties with reinventing the wheel using another man's vehicle as a test bed and left the whole proof of their pudding resting on my credibility.. I'm not going to go on and on about it but I had to do something to salvage the Atkins' reputation and running in the shallows trying to hide from bureaucrats in Bayliners and rednecks in Carolina Skiffs is not good enough. I felt I had to expose the boat to people to whom competence is not an alien concept... messers. I was prepared to be on the defensive but I was not afraid. Hell, man, I lived through the plywood debate with my ego perfectly intact.

I am not afraid to launch my boat in the presence of a melee the likes of which I have never seen at any other boat ramp, either. Next morning the other messers waiting in the semi crazed line of fishermen and other recreators explained that this was the usual thing most places and that the tranquil situation where we usually launch was actually an anomaly. Between all the very helpful and polite messers, other people were trying to back over each other with their trailers and the only reason there weren't any fist fights was because there were two police cars sitting in their designated parking place ten feet from the five (5) excellent boat ramps and Popeye himself wouldn't dare smirk at the forearms resting on the window ledges of those two cruisers so, though there were some looks exchanged, civil tongues were kept in all mouths.

When our turn (?) came, Jane and I showed those yahoos how to get a twenty foot



First junk rigged dory I ever saw...moseying right along.



My idea of a proper multihull, small enough to turn right side up again.



Look at them narrow cloths...that's a proper sail.

Wing on wing easing in for lunch.



Egyptian cotton sails...it could be 1890.

Early birds.



inboard boat off a boat trailer without immersing the wheel hubs or tail lights and do it in a hurry. So, with a motion or two sort of like the copulation of poultry, the boat was floating in the ripples of its launching and the old Mercedes was gone to find the \$10 parking place. Actually, there weren't any parking places left so Jane had to drive back to the motel while I ran the boat around through the shallows and picked her up. From the looks of the boat parade heading out I think they need to go up to \$20 and cut the parking places back about half.

Most of the other messers carried their boats down to the beach and I think that sort of thing should be encouraged. I am going to take my felucca next year and never burn a drop of petroleum the whole time I am there, either in the boat or the car. It is possible to walk anywhere you want to go on Cedar Key and we used to always stop there when we were heading to or from the Bahamas in the old days. It is the easiest place in Florida to walk to the grocery store from the dinghy.

As a matter of fact, this was the first time we ever went to Cedar Key in a car and it was a perplexing situation. Somehow, I never got my directions straight. Coming to the island by car was about like walking through the swinging doors of a shopping mall that, from the parking lot perspective, looks square but is actually hexagonal... you don't know where the east side of the damned thing is until you go outside and look for the sun and, by then, it is directly overhead and that makes for a hot car search. Cedar Key was the first place I ever saw where the sun sets in the north. I was not alone in my disorientation, either. On the chart, East Bank is south of South Bank which is north of West Bank. Of course, coming in on a boat, the banks of the

channel are where they are supposed to be but looking out from the motel, without the chart, nothing makes a bit of sense.

All that being as it is, I recommend Cedar Key for the first stop coming across the Gulf from the west in a big boat. It is more practical to cut across the open gulf from Dog Island than it is to coast along in the shallow and rocky water east of there and there is no intracoastal from Dog Island to Anclote Key way down by Tarpon Springs. Because of the dogleg of the "Big Bend," it is some 175 miles from the eastern terminus of the intracoastal along the coast and nowhere to put in after you pass St. Marks so you might as well head on straight across... that's 92 miles.

The best way when you are heading south is Northwest Channel behind North Key. The channel markers are straightforward and easy to see even at night. Watch that bottom, though. Most of it is dredge gravel or oysters and neither hold any anchor good. There are some mud holes and some sand but make sure you have a good hold to something before you take your nap. I, myself, do not nap real well when my anchor is not holding. I recommend the good old Bahama moor, which is two anchors set opposite each other and made up on the bow. That way the boat can swing in the current (swift, for the Gulf of Mexico, at Cedar Key, especially on a falling tide) and you can tell if the anchors are holding by hauling them against each other. Of course; the best way is to have a boat little enough to be carried up on the beach.

There was a pretty good breeze (SE most of the time) and some of the messers sailed all the way up around North Key. North Key is completely uninhabited and, if a person didn't know it, used to be covered by an ancient terminal forest of straight, clear trunk,

almost pure stand Florida red cedar (*Juniperus silicicola*... an aromatic red cedar like *J. virginiana*) before all that was clear cut for pencils, he would think he was looking at Primordea for real.

Anyway, one messer and some others of the crew that had made the trip were talking about the island while they were waiting their turn at the controlled ramp rage to take out when another person who was controlling himself under the steady gaze of the two peace officers said, "I ain't got no use for no island like that... ain't nothing over there but birds and animals and trees." That's Florida, right there, y'all.

I bet there have never been that many sails on the waters of Cedar Key in the history or pre history of Florida as there were on May 1st, 2004. It was a beautiful breezy day and I put my wife ashore on Atsena Otie with a whole squadron of messers so she could explain that she actually liked fooling around with a boat and hanging around with old men (if they had any sense) while I took off in the Rescue Minor to scoot around and take all the pictures I could before the 36 exposures were used up on my digital card (yes, Virginia... and I have a GPS, too).

There were messers all over the place sailing, paddling and rowing all kinds of boats I have heard of but never seen. I won't mention any of them because I might get them wrong and, besides, I hate to admit it but I don't remember the names of the designers... or the people who smiled and waved at this motor boat. I won't describe how carefully they scrutinized the performance of the Rescue Minor or what they saw, either. You'll just have to track the information down for yourselves. That way you'll get accurate information.

One of Hugh Horton's "50-50" decked sailing canoes, that's Cedar Key in the background.



It soon cleared up.



About one hundred miles north of Tampa on the west coast of Florida, Cedar Key is still a funky little town at the end of highway 24 off of US 19. At the end of that road one finds a motley collection of stilt homes, restaurants, B&Bs, and condos offering the weary traveler a place to stop to enjoy the seafood, aromatic tidal flats, breezes from all directions, and a collection of islands within easy day sailing distance for those who come well equipped with small craft.

Nearly everyone who goes to Cedar Key on the first weekend of May goes for the Small Boat Meet. After 20 years of gatherings, even the locals are beginning to take notice! Although historically, Cedar Key is a fishing village, net ban laws and an increase in tourism are gradually changing the way people live on Cedar Key. Aqua-culture of clams has now replaced the seine netters and while waiting for the clams to grow, many have opened bed and breakfasts, hotels, and campgrounds. One of the first people I met at Cedar Key this year was Denise Bierwirth, the new manager of the Sunset Isle RV Park. She was standing in the shallow water in front of the Island Place, adjusting the shrouds on her Point Jude sloop. Denise was excited about the small boat meet, and wanted us to

Cedar Key Small Boat Meet 2004

By Ron Hoddinott

know that we were welcome to hold events at her campground during other times of the year as well.

This year, as founder of the West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, I had the job of organizing an "Island Party" complete with steel drum music, and cookout style food behind the Island Place. The party was for everyone who turned out to sail, paddle or talk with the owners and builders of interesting small craft. This WCTSS party is about as organized as this event gets. There are no speakers, symposiums, tickets, or vendors. It's just a gathering of people of like minds, free to do as they please. Bob Treat's party at his house on Friday night is becoming another annual event. This year Bob's party was great fun, according to those who attended, with such luminaries as Hugh Horton, Meade

and Jan Gougeon, and Matt Layden sharing ideas late into the night. I missed all this excitement trying to get organized for the Squadron party on Saturday, have something to eat at Cooks Cafe, and wait for other members to arrive.

The best way to enjoy the weekend is to come for the week, at least according to Hugh Horton, who always has a fantastic apartment reserved, looking out from a second floor balcony over the Way Key passage, and beyond to Snake Key. The weekend itself gets very crowded, and places to park trailers and cars after launching can be difficult. For those who don't have the luxury of spending an entire week, it is best to arrive on Friday, and stay until the crowds have gone home on Monday.

This year Hugh Horton was joined by Meade and Jan Gougeon of West System Epoxy fame. All three sailed Hugh's black hulled sailing canoes with different generations of sailing rigs, all sporting tan bark sails and carbon fiber masts. These boats made a great impression on everyone, silently slicing through the sometimes choppy waters in front of the Island Place, and powering up to sail to North Key on Saturday. Getting to meet Meade, who has now purchased a place in



The motorgents: Robb White, Turner Matthews and Kilburn Adams on Atsena Otie Key.

Robb White's Rescue Minor at speed, giving more folks a ride.

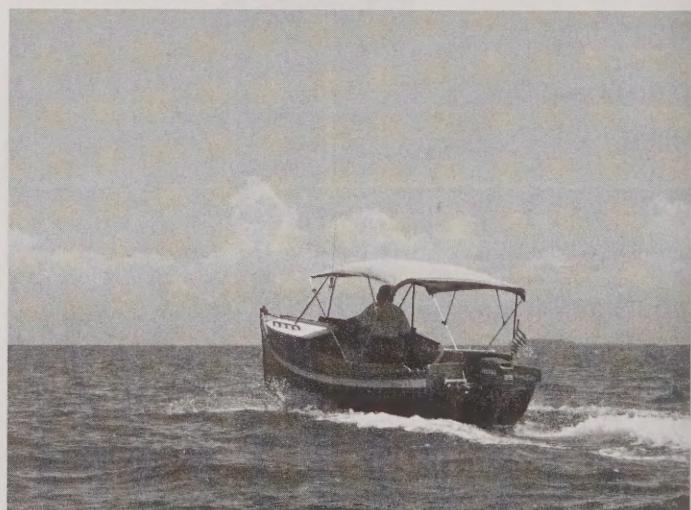


10



Turner Matthew's Ravenstrike inboard launch.

Kilburn Adams Skiff America *Meandher* at speed.



Ozona, near Tarpon Springs, was a treasure. Having him also join our Sailing Squadron was an unexpected surprise!

Bob Hicks, editor-in-chief of this fine publication, was scheduled to attend this year, but had to send his regrets, as he was having trouble with swollen knees, making the long drive in a car quite impossible.

There was an additional rumor, started by the man himself in these very pages, that Robb White was bringing his now famous Rescue Minor power launch to Cedar Key this year. With fine weather on Saturday, it didn't take long to locate Robb. Right across from the Island Place hotel is Atsena Otie Key. It is generally the first island that everyone sails, powers or paddles to on Saturday to meet and greet old friends, and new ones. Robb and the Rescue Minor were on the beach, being greeted by everyone. I'm delighted to report that Robb White is just as clever and humorous in person as he is in his writings. Some folks even brought along Robb's new book, *How to Build a Tin Canoe*, to get an autograph!

Right next to the Rescue Minor was Kilburn Adams' Skiff America, *Meandher*. Kilburn made a terrific splash last year by bringing two Skiff America power dories to

the event. Kilburn generates a lot of interest in these designs which you can build easily using the stitch and glue process. A handsome and well built design is the end result, without all the complexities of compound curves and inboard power.

Not to be outdone in the power craft department, Turner Matthews was back with *Raven Strike*, a strikingly black power launch with inboard power. Turner reports that the Honda engine has been replaced with the same tractor engine that Robb White uses in the Rescue Minor. What a treat to have these three motorboat geniuses all together in one spot on the beach! It was worthy of a photo!

Over two dozen boats of all varieties had pulled up on the Atsena Otie Beach Saturday morning. I wanted to get back out to enjoy the great winds and calm waters with my SeaPearl 21 *Whisper*! SeaPearls are always a staple at this event, as it seems the area was designed for them. Shallow draft is the only way to get around the islands of Cedar Key. There are grass flats, sand bars, and the occasional oyster reefs. A working knowledge of the area can easily be gained through experience, or careful study of the local charts. The SeaPearl cat ketch only draws 6" with her boards up, and only 2.5' with the

leeboards all the way down. Sailing SeaPearls were John Martin, Steve Anderson, Tosh from Atlanta, Jeff and Diana Lackey, Bill and Sheila Fite, Terry and Dawn Poling, Paul and Dodie Waggoner, and Howard and Sheila Feldman. In addition, Jim Leet, the current president of Marine Concepts (builder of SeaPearls), and Ron and Sammie Johnson, their designer were sailing Ron's Black Pearl on Saturday!

Bob Wood, cofounder of the WCTSS, was with me aboard *Whisper*, and we pushed off, squaring away for North Key, a close reach and then a beam reach to the northwest. North Key is the farthest away from the town at about 5 miles, and one of the most pristine beaches on the west coast. Marsh grass mingles with sand dunes along the shoreline. Horseshoe crabs and minnows mingle in the ankle deep water with a soft sandy bottom. Ospreys cry overhead, searching for their next meal, and flocks of white Ibis in Vee formation fly out to Horseshoe Key to our southeast. Occasionally an eagle is spotted. The water is dancing with diamonds on the morning light.

We're the first to hit the beach, but looking back there is a flotilla headed our way. Three dark red sails show the location of the



Dale Nieman's Marples 3 Meter Trimaran.



Jim Sullivan's Nimble Bay Hen.

Jim Sauer's Beachcomber dory.

Jazz, a lapstrake Melonseed built by Rex and Kathy Paine.



Horton canoes, with Meade, Jan, and Hugh aboard. Another tanbark sail would be Jim Leet with Ron and Sammie Johnson. And there's a multicolor sail which has to be Larry Whited with his Folbot with Balogh rig. More SeaPearls are spotted. It's Tosh in *Strider* from Atlanta, Jeff and Diana Lackey, and Bill Fite from Tampa in his new black and silver Pearl that we've nicknamed the *Harley Pearl*. Spotting the incoming boats and identifying them becomes a game that everyone continues to play as they slide up on the soft sand, break out a beer, and join in the fun while standing in the warm water. It must be lunch time!

This is what we do at Cedar Key. We sail to one island, stand around in the shallow water or lounge on the beach, look at interesting shallow draft boats, talk with people who we've only read about in magazines, or on internet sites, have a snack, and then sail off to another island! It's all in the spirit of a good time with no racing or other such ego builders or busters to interfere. It's distilled "messing about in boats."

In that spirit, I kept my new vertical battened sails on *Whisper* reefed after leaving North Key, even though the wind was down quite a bit from the outward bound leg. This allowed Jim Leet in *Black Pearl* to catch

up with me, so that I could get some good shots of her as she passed by. Kilburn Adams in his Skiff America zoomed by as well. It was still early afternoon, on Saturday, and there were several good hours of sailing yet to be done by many, but we had the Squadron party to set up, with grills, and coolers full of food. And I had to contact and greet the steel drum player!

The party was a great success, as those who attended will attest. John Shaw, our steel pan player arrived on time, and played for two hours, adding just enough atmosphere that we felt we were truly "down Island, Mon!" I didn't really know much about our musician, but it turned out that he was the lead percussionist for the Florida Orchestra, and was quite an accomplished musician. Paul Waggoner and Jim Leet cooked brats and sausage in their Wisconsin style, which makes them quite tender and juicy. Billy and Joyce Van Deusen manned the ticket table and were occasionally relieved by Brenda Bell and Steve Kingery. Almost 60 people attended the Squadron party, and almost all of the food was consumed. People brought their own lawn and folding chairs, so they could sit and rest in style while enjoying the music and conversations.

On Sunday, many people pack up to go

home, but I was there for the sailing, and it was a cooler and windier day than Saturday. I had some old Sea Pearl friends, Mike and Susan Roberts sailing with me in the morning, and later Bill Dunkley from Macon, Georgia sailed with me out to North Key. We got quite wet on the way back, due to an increasing wind opposing the swift tide. The SeaPearl punched through the steep waves and made the forward cockpit a somewhat wet affair.

The real joy of the Small Boat Meet is the variety of craft that attend. There were over 50 craft of every description this year. From homemade CLC kit boats, like Bernard Spenle's and Phil Davis' Skerries, to the high tech carbon fiber canoes of Hugh Horton and Meade Gougeon. Sail craft, rowing craft, paddle craft, and powered craft are all welcome. The common denominator seems to be shallow draft, relatively low power, and an ability to tread lightly on a fragile environment. It's not a boat show, or a symposium for marine architects and designers, but you will see boats that you may not see elsewhere, and you will meet some highly creative designers, builders, and owners. It's not a race, but you will sail in company with people who share similar interests and know how to slow down to enjoy the journey.



Hugh Horton, long time booster of the Cedar Key meet in one of his sailing canoes.

Bill and Sheila Fite's new black and silver SeaPearl 21, nicknamed by "friends" the *Harley Pearl*.



Scott Church and family aboard *Sawdust*, a Core Sound 17.

Bill Ling aboard his Hemlock 17 sailing canoe.





Larry Whited's Folbot fitted with a Balogh sail rig and outriggers.



A CLC Skerrie.



Glen Osoling's beautifully restored Clark Mills Sun Cat from the '70s.

John Shaw, our island music guy.

The party cranks up.



A nice Florida Bay sharpie.

Whisper at rest off North Key.



International Scene

Snapshots of what happened last month: The European Parliament realized that the European Union's response to recent maritime disasters has failed to consider the human factor. The International Maritime Organization condemned the increasing criminalization of individual seafarers and salvors for political reasons and said the trend should be stopped before it becomes general practice. Both Spain and Pakistan still hold captive several crew members of the tankers *Prestige* (sank in 2002) and *Tasman Spirit* (grounded last July) for obscure forms of political ransom. Most of the world fails to understand but condemns the actions of these two nations.

Spain published a Royal Decree with new rules on places of refuge. If they had been in place in 2002, the owners of the *Prestige* would have posted a 415.2 million euro bond and been granted shelter instead of being forced out to sea where the tanker eventually broke up and its oil floated back to the Spanish coast.

The European Commission is sponsoring a three year study of ways to better evaluate the pollution risk of existing and future ship designs. European transport workers pointed out that double hulled tankers are not a panacea, that corrosion problems are beginning to appear in double hulled ships and that corrosion and fatigue are harder to detect in them. Beside, they pointed out, human error and other operational factors are greater causes of accidents than structural failures.

The European Parliament wants to increase the powers of the European Maritime Safety Agency but not to the point where EMSA gets involved with terrorist threat to ships or ports. Also voted was approval of EMSA plans for specialized anti pollution ships that would respond to spills in or near member states.

France and Spain presented a joint project for a sea motorway between their Atlantic coast ports.

The International Ship and Port Facility Security Code goes into effect on July 1 but many are wondering how effective it will be. One shipping director said it would deter pickpockets, petty thefts, and low budget piracy. What if a ship was secretly equipped with terrorist devices in a low security port and, months later in a high security port, they were triggered?

Hard Knocks

The US Coast Guard issued a warning about confined spaces after a second engineer on a foreign vessel crawled into the main engine's scavenging air receiver without telling anybody. A dog on the closed door fell into place and he died when the engine was started.

Tankers had a hard time last month. The tanker *Antares* was loading palm oil at Kimbe when an operational error in transferring oil spilled 60 tonnes of bunker into the harbor. Result, a very messy harbor. In New York's Kill van Kull, the outbound scrap metal freighter *Pinar Kaptanoglu* hit the inbound container ship *Yellow Sea*, then struck the moored tanker *Sibonata*, about to unload its cargo. Dings and dents but no hurts or spills. And on the Mississippi in St. Charles Parish, the freighter *Bright Star* ran into the side of the moored tanker *Genmar Alexandra*, releas-

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

ing 22,000 gallons of fuel oil. The *Bright Star* is a sister ship of the *Bright Field* that rammed New Orleans' Riverwalk in 1996 after its engine failed. The 130,000 ton *Astro Phoenix* ran aground in the Suez Canal and damaged one of its ballast tanks. During repairs at Port Said, two divers became stuck and died.

The small cargo ship *Zhesheng 97071* was run down by the Dutch container ship *Waal* at the mouth of the Yangtze. One survived out of eleven crew because he was on deck. Off Flores, the East Timorese cargo ship *Beleza de Timor* sank in a severe storm. One survivor, eleven others dead or missing.

The coal carrying Cambodian flagged bulker *Hera* quickly sank in bad weather near the entrance of the Bosphorus, apparently due to failure of a forward hatch cover. Reports stated the 30 year old ship was overdue for repairs. Twenty died. The same storm system caused the *Mare* to sink after colliding with another ship at the south entrance of the Dardanelles, two freighters in the Black Sea went aground, and several ferries crossing the Bosphorus may have collided.

When the French trawler *Buglaed Breizh* was sunk with its crew of five by a collision with a large object, French authorities suspected the bulker *Seattle Trader* although the ship's log appears to show it was 16km away at the time of the collision. The French have been chasing the ship around the world trying to find evidence of a collision. Canadian authorities could find none, the French barely missed the ship as it transited the Suez Canal, and the Chinese have promised to look.

The RO/RO ferry *Stena Nautica* and, the smaller freighter *Joanna* collided off southwestern Sweden when the *Joanna* crossed the ferry's bow and then turned back. The *Stena Nautica*, holed in two places near the stern, was kept afloat only by frantic pumping and a large crane and leaked a large amount of oil. A non functioning radar and an older radar were primary causes although both vessels were at fault. The *Joanna*'s master paid a fine equivalent to 80 days of income.

Off the West Coast of New Zealand, the 140,000 ton iron sand tanker *Taharoa* (it carries a slurry of iron rich sand and water) lost engine power as it approached an offshore loading buoy and drifted into the surf line before the engine was restarted. According to one press report, a Maritime Safety Authority spokesman said the problem was "a sticking valve in a carburettor." The MSA promptly ordered the ship to get fifty miles off shore for thorough engine trials before coming in for a check by the MSA while a safety tug stood by. Last year, the ship's crankshaft cracked, then broke, and its master was rather casual in reporting what was happening as the *Toharoa* drifted towards the New Zealand coast.

More than 100 vessels had to wait up to a week for the Mississippi River to be re opened after the supply boat *Lee III* collided with the 1,159 TEU container ship *Zim Mexico III* and sank, blocking the deep water channel near the river's mouth. One cruise ship was trapped at New Orleans but other cruise ships made arrangements to use Biloxi

and Gulfport as alternative ports. The causes of the collision seem to include use of differing river and deep sea radio channels, thick fog, excessive speed, and inexperience. AIS (Automatic Identification System) transponders, if available, might have prevented the tragedy but closing speed of the two vessels was in excess of 25 knots in thick fog that night.

Fifty miles off the Virginia coast, explosions rocked the ethanol tanker *Bow Mariner* and it sank in 264' of water. Only six Filipinos of its crew of 27 survived and most of them, including two officers, refused to talk with investigators and have been subpoenaed for a grand jury. Another problem is that the wreck lies outside the US twelve mile limit and thus jurisdiction belongs to the International Maritime Organization, which allows certain states to exert "substantially interested state" status (the US seemed to qualify.) Smit was hired to retrieve the vessel's bunker oil and perhaps the remaining methanol, although a NOAA sonar survey showed the ship was upright but with large pieces apparently missing from tank sides.

The *Bow Mariner* problems reminded the maritime community that other alcohol tankers had problems in recent months. The *Sun Venus* had an explosion and fire and sank off Japan last December, killing two and the *Perla* had a benign implosion of one of its tank tops while loading in New Zealand this month.

Both the tug *Herakles* and its barge *Bulk*, loaded with 13,600 tonnes of coal, sank in the northern Baltic but all eight crewmen were rescued by helicopters. Underwater surveys showed both vessels had suffered severe damage; the tug had lost its superstructure and the barge was in two pieces. Authorities want both vessels raised.

Ferries

In Baltimore harbor, an outboard powered, canopied pontoon water taxi with 25 people on board was capsized by sudden high winds four minutes after a special weather warning and many hours after a small craft advisory had been posted the afternoon before. Nearby Naval Reservists dove in and swam out to rescue passengers, and their landing craft used its ramp to partially roll the water taxi upright, freeing more people trapped under it. Two people were fatalities and three others went missing.

Between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, the big (27,000dwt) ferries *Clara and Joseph Smallwood* and *Caribou* became stuck in sea ice and had to be freed by a Canadian icebreaker. Both vessels arrived three to four days late. A few days later, two crewmen were injured on the *Caribou* by a series of explosions in an auxiliary boiler.

In Madagascar, the ferry *Samson* sailed Friday for the Comoro Islands with about 120 aboard, entered the port of Mahajanga on Sunday afternoon but went out to sea again because there were no customs officials on duty, and disappeared into a deadly cyclone. Four survivors and some sixty bodies floated ashore. In Bangladesh at Barisal, a ferry carrying 95 people collided with a cargo ship and sank. Two are known to have died but the remainder probably swam for it.

Cash short New York City has spent more than \$12 million to date on legal bills, repairs, and improvements as a result of last

Fall's crash of the Staten Island ferry *John J. Barberi* and will spend at least \$23 million over the next two years. That sum does not include additional legal bills. Facing more than \$3.2 billion in lawsuits from 175 plaintiffs, the City settled one \$2 million claim for \$5,000. A strange alliance is emerging between the vessel's master, who was not in the pilothouse at the time of the accident, and plaintiffs, who want his testimony and would then go easy on him. College students were hired to ride the ferries and collect data on safety signs, cleanliness, and announcements. A preliminary investigative report cited "the existence of a corporate structure... which may not be conducive to operating a first rate marine transportation system."

A union sponsored report by two highly qualified marine engineers found that fire fighting gear on 22 British Columbia ferries to be in terrible shape. The report was documented with over 800 photos of defective equipment and bolstered by other reports.

Legal Business

In Scotland, three firms pleaded guilty and were fined a reduced total of £170,000 for a fire on the 4,680 ton supply boat *Far Service* in 2002 that killed a worker and nearly killed eleven others.

The master of Liberian flagged *Pacific Dolphin* radioed US authorities that he thought he had stowaways aboard. He did, and five stowaways plus two of his Chinese crew were hauled off to a Portland, Oregon jail.

A US Court ruled that the waters flowing into navigable waters are also navigable waters, at least as far as the Federal Water Pollution Control Act (also known as the Clean Water Act) is concerned.

The FBI conducted a 14 month investigation of the merchant mariner credentials of over 200,000 US licensed mariners and found nine people with suspected terrorist connections. About a dozen mariners were arrested because of active arrest warrants and hundreds of spurious documents were suspended or revoked.

A Scottish fisherman was working on the Dutch registered fishing vessel *PD Fellowship* when the net brought up a quarter ton rock. It was laid aside on the deck and slid from side to side for three days. Eventually, it broke his leg and he now wears an artificial limb. Ten years later a court awarded him £365,000 (an earlier court had decided that he was 30% responsible for the accident).

A West Coast man broadcast a false distress signal last July and now he will serve a year and a day in jail and must pay \$194,587 in restitution for the Coast Guard's costs of the resulting search.

Residents of Marblehead, a peninsula on Lake Erie, enthusiastically voted last year to impose a tax on each user of the ferry service serving nearby Kelley's Island. The winter's ice having disappeared, ferry operations restarted on Sunday but ceased Wednesday after the ferry company refused to collect the tax and went to the courts. But a judge ruled the company had no legal right to challenge the tax because it wasn't licensed to operate in 2004.

Navies

Canada's four Victoria Class submarines will cost more to operate (\$121 million each

year) than the three Oberon Class subs they replace (\$97 million/year). The costs were supposed to be equal. But a Navy spokesman said, "Simply stated, for a 25% increase in costs we're getting a 30% increase in availability." However, availability may not have been a good choice of words: The trouble plagued new Diesel electric subs, bought mothballed from the UK at bargain prices, are also three years behind schedule and their cost has risen from \$812 million to nearly \$900 million. But buying them new would have cost \$3.4 billion so the Canadians figure they have a bargain although none are yet in service other than for sea tests.

A report from Indonesia states that the country is on the verge of ordering four corvettes from Dutch shipbuilder Royal Schelde but there is considerable opposition from many parties.

The Royal Australian and US Navies signed a statement of principles regarding surface warfare capabilities that was similar to one signed in 2000 concerning submarine warfare. The Indian press stated that the US Navy may base a mobile ship repair unit at Cochin Shipyard Ltd., which would supply technical support. Similar agreements are in effect with the French and British navies.

The courts martial of two Royal Navy officer instructors revealed details of how the submerged nuclear submarine *HMS Trafalgar* came to crash into underseas rocks some months back, causing £5 million in damages. Students participating in the Royal Navy's famed (or infamous) Perisher course for potential sub commanders were denied use of GPS and other vital navigation tools such as SNAPS and SINS (a "Post It" was pasted over the GPS readout). A student incorrectly calculated (guessed?) the vessel's position but the instructors were so busy instructing they had forgotten to keep track of where the vessel was headed.

The UK's Defence Secretary and the Chancellor of the Exchequer are arguing over up to 1000 defence cuts totaling 1.2 billion pounds. The Secretary said they may cause the elimination of fast jet training, grounding of some aircraft, keeping ships in port to save fuel, and scrapping of winter exercises by Royal Marines in Norway. The Chancellor's position is that he provided an extra 3 billion pounds for the Iraq War and why should there be a budget crisis anyhow after the biggest defence increase in 20 years?

The Royal Navy's path to two new aircraft carriers is proving to be interestingly rocky. The contract of £2.9 billion was split between the UK's BAE and France's Thales but BAE now states that the Ministry of Defence knew that figure was optimistic and the real price (at least for now) will be more like £4 billion. Then BAE admitted it will probably miss a Spring design deadline, so jobs for its production workers in Scotland are in jeopardy.

The French would like to add a third carrier to the contract to lower the cost per carrier but it must be conventionally powered. BAE came back that if it was forced into an unprofitable relationship with Thales in building a third carrier, it wants out of the two carrier contract. Besides, BAE added that the Americans don't want to share their technology with the French, and American technology is a big part of the British carriers. Summary: BAE wants profits; Downing Street

wants the carriers as symbols of the UK's commitment to European defense. The French? Who knows?

The Queen visited—*HMS Lancaster* at Portsmouth recently but not before the ship's parrot was put ashore for the day. The vocabulary of Sunny, RN Parrot No. 1, can be rather rough.

Cruise Shipping

Police closed the Dames Point Bridge when the 2,124 passenger *Carnival Miracle* visited Jacksonville for the first time. They didn't want any accidents caused by gawkers alarmed at seeing a big ship steaming at them.

The State of Alaska reported that large cruise ships are meeting state and federal standards when discharging wastewater in State waters but small cruise ships and the state's ferries frequently exceed the standards.

Eleven people were arrested when Holland America's *Noordam* arrived at Tampa because they brought in 58kg (128 lbs.) of heroin and cocaine sewn in their clothing or concealed in shoe heels, aerosol cans, a camera, and other items. No cruise staff were involved.

A Canadian report revealed what happened when the cruise ship *Norwegian Sky* turned around in September, 1999, so passengers could watch whales in the St. Lawrence River. The impromptu maneuver was unplanned and not effectively managed, navigation equipment was not used to keep track of the vessel's position, and the pilot ignored advice from the master as to the ship's maneuvering characteristics. The ship ran aground.

Repairs and completion of the damaged 1,900 passenger *Pride of America* will go out for tenders since Lloyd Werft, the yard completing the ship for the Norwegian Cruise Line, immediately went into bankruptcy after the accident. Several local suppliers also face bankruptcy unless state aid comes to the rescue. The cruise liner's two podded propulsion units were damaged and may be replaced but the six auxiliary engines should be operating soon.

The first leg of the cruise from Townsville, Australia for the German flagged cruise ship *Astor* with 500 passengers was short. The vessel sailed 2,000 yards and grounded. After a quick inspection, it was allowed to sail for Cairns for a more thorough inspection by divers. No word as what happened to the passengers, though.

Ship Scrapping

Able UK's so far aborted contract to scrap thirteen ex US Navy ships is bearing fruit. The British Government is carefully studying how a ship scrapping (pardon me, "ship recycling") industry could be established in the UK since so much tonnage is due for scrapping in the near future. Its basis seems to be the question: Why let the developing nations get the jobs and steel when it can be done at home safer and more environmentally correctly?

French environmentalists criticized the deliberate sinking of the old French Navy ship *Commandant Bory* off Brittany. They claimed that the ship "probably" carried large amounts of toxic wastes and asbestos. The French Navy similarly sank an unwanted freighter in 2002 and may scuttle up to thirty old warships.

The Plymouth National Marine Aquarium bought the paid off *Leander* class frigate *HMS Scylla* but do not look for it in the Aquarium's tanks. The old warship was sunk as a marine habitat off the Cornish coast.

Steel hungry China caused a steep rise in price for ships to be scrapped to more than \$400 a light deadweight ton.

Piracy, Terrorism, and Territorial Imperatives

Norway ordered 1,600 Norwegian ships to install alarms that would notify a center in Stavanger of any terrorist attack on a ship. The vessel can be anywhere in the world,

In the Philippines, the big *Super Ferry 14* had just left Manila when it suffered a powerful explosion off Corregidor Island (of World War II fame) and caught fire. The vessel was grounded. Although most of the 899 passengers escaped, well over one hundred went missing. Early searches of the burned out tourist deck found no bodies, a later report mentioned finding parts of bodies but no bodies, and even later reports mentioned bodies and then bodies and body parts. The rebel group Abu Sayyaf claimed that one of its members had boarded with a bomb. Although officials basically denied that possibility at first, a person of that name was on the passenger list, the explosion was reported as happening in the general area of his assigned berth in bunk 51, and the master testified that he smelled gunpowder smoke in the thick smoke on that deck, a smell he knew well from being a gun club member.

Last month in the South Pacific alone, the crew of a tugboat used flares to fight off an attack by ten pirates in a wooden fishing vessel equipped with machine guns. Earlier,

a different set of ten pirates in three speedboats tried to board a bulk carrier in the Celebes Sea but were repelled by fire hoses. Fire hoses were used on another unsuccessful attack on a bulker in the South China Sea but two watchmen were gunned down on a Mongolian flagged vessel anchored at Chittagong. Five pirates boarded a tanker off Vietnam and stole ship's stores, and a bulker in the Singapore Straits reported an attempted boarding.

Another report said last year there were 644 incidents, 21 crew fatalities, hostages taken rose to 391 (some were later killed), 311 ships were boarded, and 19 vessels were hijacked. Solutions suggested were convoys and escort ships or sea marshals. The Royal Navy is already convoying ships in certain dangerous waters but the First Sea Admiral warned that Royal Navy ships taking aggressive actions in international waters could cause a diplomatic storm.

The Indonesian landing ship *Teluk Sibolga* sank the tugboat *Champion* after learning the vessel had been taken over by Aceh freedom rebels. Three gunmen were arrested. Some weeks later in a shoot out, two warships of the same navy sank a Thai fishing vessel, captured another, and set fire to two others after a fleet of 17 foreign vessels entered Aceh provincial waters.

Odd Bits

Salvors of the *Admiral Graf Spee*, the German pocket battleship scuttled in the River Plate in 1939, found the job harder than they thought. The first day, cables snapped and the crane's oversized hook wouldn't latch onto a part of the ship's communication gear. Later efforts brought success, including, a 27 ton section of the command tower with the Spee's radar antenna (radar was a rarity in those days), but the salvors have only three years to remove the rest of the historic ship.

Vessels carrying any animal or bird must report its presence to the Singapore government before arrival. And that nation's booming maritime industry has 3,500 unfilled positions (out of 116,800 positions) and the situation is going to get worse.

According to archeologists, *HMS Beagle*, the ship that took Charles Darwin around the world and thus exposed him to the clues that eventually triggered his theory of evolution, may be buried 18' deep in an Essex marsh east of London.

If you see a RO/RO type vessel named *Ville de Bourdeaux*—with "Airbus A380 On Board" painted on its sides, don't believe it. It's only transporting wings, tails, and body sections of that giant airliner.

Greater efficiencies in locking barges through US river locks during foggy conditions may be achieved by SmartLock software. The system would cost about \$14,000 per towboat but should save about \$48,000 each year.

NOAA installed an air gap sensor that measures the airdraft from water to a bridge's lowest steel on two bridges across the Chesapeake Delaware Canal and will install similar sensors in the ten PORTS (Physical Oceanographic Real Time System) in the US. The information is broadcast at six minute intervals with other useful hydrographic data including water levels, currents, and winds.

Somehow, the transmit button on a VHF radio got stuck and the *Victress* rebroadcast

BBC's Radio 4 from an entertainment receiver for almost five hours on an emergency channel despite pleas over Radio 4. Finally, the Wells lifeboat was sent out into the North Sea to tell the ship to shut up.

Short seas shipping is being seriously considered. The State of Massachusetts and Portland, Maine, are pondering sea links between Portland, Gloucester, Fall River, and New Bedford. The tongue in cheek goal is to change Interstate Highway 1 95 to W (for Waterway 95). The Port of New York/New Jersey is similarly working on links with Bridgeport CT), Wilmington (DE), Camden (NJ), Albany (NY), and Providence (RI) and money has been granted for the barge terminal at Bridgeport. Farther South, containers are already being shipped weekly between Baton Rouge and New Orleans. Many of the containers are filled to capacity unlike containers for road delivery, which may loaded to 80% capacity. Highways now cost about \$30 million per mile to build and a typical barge carries the loads of 850 trucks. These facts, when coupled with new restrictions on driver hours at the wheel and allowable roads, make water transportation increasingly attractive.

Barge traffic on the Missouri River will be slim or non-existent this Summer because both of the river's major barge lines decided not to operate due to low or erratic water depths demanded by environmentalists to protect the breeding of the endangered pallid sturgeon. Farmers will have to get fertilizers shipped in and grain shipped out by rail or trucks. Can the railroads provide enough cars? As we write the last of this report, the Corps of Engineers announced that it will gradually increase river flows to achieve navigable depths by July 1 and will simultaneously create breeding shallows for the sturgeon.

The UK reduced lighthouse dues from 40p per ton to 39p and also lowered the cap from 40,000 tons to 39,000 tons. The monies are used to operate lighthouse and other aids to navigation in Britain, Scotland, and Ireland.

Cornish fisherman complained that the sonars of weekly naval exercises have driven away their target cuttlefish. But other fishermen noted that the fish are migratory.

Head Shakers

Two lobstermen from Maine's Mount Desert Island dressed a lobster in a Barbie costume and placed it in another lobsterman's trap. The highly salable lobster went through ten other fishermen's traps before disappearing.

On the Thames, a seagull recently dropped a dead fish, obviously not a local species, onto the deck of the *Thames Bubbler* (a vessel whose job is to oxygenate the Thames so fish can survive). The alien was identified as a Red Bellied Piranha.

The same two Cubans who very neatly converted a 1951 Chevrolet pickup truck into a boat and headed for the US have tried again. This time their vessel was a 1959 Buick sedan carrying them plus two other adults and five children. They got to within 10 miles of the US coast before the Coast Guard spotted them. It took off the Cubans and sank the Buick.

Some mariners fear random drug tests so much that they are carrying catheters in case they can't produce on demand.

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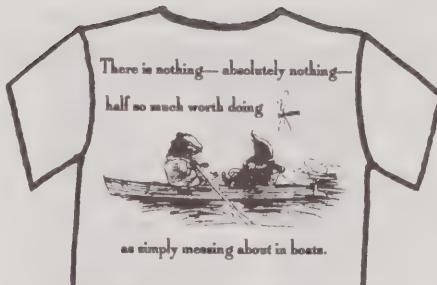
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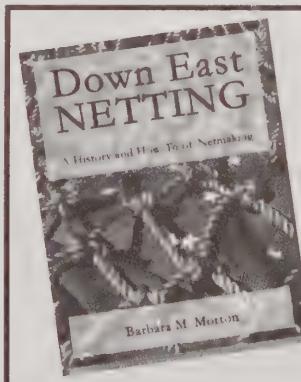
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Writing this was an ordeal, I lived through it all again, as if watching a movie. Man, it was surreal. It left me drained, just thinking of the agony a man must go through to tell his children that they are about to die, and how brave of him to take a young wife and two small kids on such a journey, and if not, what would have been his options.

They're rolling out the guns again, arrooo, arrooo. The enemy's on the march again, arroo, arroo. They've taken our boys and men. Will I ever see my love again. God grant eternal rest to those who fought, and died, in freedom's quest

Once again the whirlwinds of war had engulfed us. After a long bloody struggle, from 1918 1920, the War of Independence culminated in a free Estonia. We had cast off the oppressive yoke of Russian domination, and enjoyed freedom, and rapid prosperous growth. It lasted less than 20 years, and as the Titans clashed, we were trampled under their feet. Hitler's army being defeated, was in retreat as Stalin's hordes poured across our borders, creating a wasteland of death and destruction. Russia's cruelty to those they vanquished was legendary, we knew our fate.

Those who could, fled with the retreating Germans, and the survivors entered refugee camps there. Those who were cut off from that route of escape, either by choice or necessity, remained, or sought the only other route of escape; by way of the sea. The boat by which we escaped had been in preparation for this journey for some time.

When all was in readiness, word was sent to those of us who were in hiding that the moment had arrived. From different points the escapees materialized on the beach. It was getting on toward evening before all was in readiness to move the boat from the forest to the water. She was a refurbished coastal fishing boat, called upon to undertake one final journey.

The cradle was on top of several logs, which acted as rollers, and a tractor was used to pull the boat towards the water's edge. The weight of the boat and cradle forced the logs into the sand, nearly thwarting the efforts of the tractor, but at full throttle, the boat moved, and as a log became free behind, it was carried to the front, and thus, slowly, frustratingly slowly, or so it seemed to us, the boat neared the water. The driver drove the tractor as far into the water as he dared, then backed up, and positioning it behind the cradle, pushed, until the boat was afloat. It was a terrifying space of time.

In the still evening air, the sound of the tractor struggling to get the boat afloat was deafening, and echoed through the forest like gunshots, and for all I know, some may have been, as there were partisans in the forest, whose purpose was to eliminate any Russians who might venture too close

The intent was to board, and silently row out of earshot, and then start the engine. Estonia was basically occupied, any activity that caused suspicion was harshly dealt with. People simply disappeared. It was impossible to keep our actions unobserved for any length of time. As we started to board, mother took her shoes, and handed them to me and told me to hold onto them. As I was the fat one, father picked me up and placed me in the boat, and my brother, being the skinny one, was put in the boat by my mother, and others started to climb aboard. It was an orderly,

Escape From Estonia

By Indrek Lepson

though anxious process as people started to climb on board and take their places. (The boat was 27', with a partial deck covering the front half, with thwarts, or "benches" going side to side. On the deck were lashed two drums of fuel, and a short mast in the middle, near the coaming, the purpose of which is a mystery to me.

Then it happened. A red flare ascended into the darkening sky. We had been discovered. Caution gave way to panic, as people scrambled on board. Shouts mingled with gunshots, a desperate push, and we were off the beach. Father started the engine, and at full throttle we pulled away. Soon a Russian vessel gave chase, and it would have been a short journey into oblivion had they been able to apprehend us. By then evening had become deep dusk, and as we were heading toward a dark horizon, we were a difficult target to hit, or catch, as, in spite of being dangerously overloaded with 33 people, we had a lot of power, and speed. Too much of both, as that nearly accomplished what the Russians could not.

As Sweden was a scant 300 miles away, we were hoping to be there the following evening, and therefore little if any provisions were taken along. People sang and laughed in the elation of having escaped, mindless of the dangerous situation that we were still in. An aging shell of Baltic pine, called upon to undertake one more, and final, desperate journey. Sometime in the night the starry sky disappeared, and a fierce storm engulfed us (the ferry *Estonia*, that sank with several hundred passengers a few years ago was on the way from Tallinn to Sweden, and was overcome by a fierce storm. Human error contributed to that disaster).

Dawn brought light, and a scene of utter human misery. The elation of successfully eluding the pursuing Russians was replaced by dread. We were dangerously overloaded, and had a scant 18" of freeboard, causing a continuous influx of seawater over the rail. The bilges filled to the floorboards, from where it was constantly scooped and tossed back. Seasickness affected everybody, to a lesser or greater extent. Those who were near the rail were able to vomit overboard. Those under the deck, among them my brother and me, did not have the access to the rail. For us, there was a chamber pot and a sea boot, which was passed around, and emptied overboard.

A small motorboat, with three or four people kept pace with us for a while, we waved and exchanged greetings, and then were separated in the storm. What their fate was is unknown, they were so small. Our craft was taking an enormous pounding. We had too much power. We were too overloaded. Baltic storms are more treacherous than storms on other oceans, due to the shallowness of the sea. Instead of having rolling waves, there is created a short chop, steep waves close together. We had but one thought, get away quickly, before another Russian vessel sights us.

With the engine at its maximum rpms, we had too much speed. We overtook the

waves, and slammed into them with enormous force, as if hitting a solid wall. The boat was too old, too tired, to take such punishment for long, and soon the floorboards were awash, and the water was rising faster than could be bailed. Everything had already been tossed overboard to lighten the craft. Even a pair of binoculars that one of the men had around his neck went over. Desperation supersedes reason. The water rose, despite the desperate bailing, using the chamber pot, the boot, hands, anything that would scoop water. The engine sputtered to a halt. We were wallowing in the seas, and slowly sinking.

Father reached under the half deck and pulled my brother and me out and placed us on the edge of the deck. With our feet dangling down, we held onto the mast with one hand. Then Father said, "Look at the world for the last time, for we will soon sink." I don't remember if my brother said anything, but I whimpered "Must we die now?" I was scared, terrified at the sight, and sound, of the enormous seas cresting around us. Then father saw something floating, grabbed it and tossed overboard, like a wet towel, trailing water.

As it plopped into the water I saw that it was my coat, which had been overlooked during the jettisoning of everything that was loose. My coat! I stared at it transfixed, I followed it as it rose and fell with the waves, and slowly drifted away. It was the only thing that I cherished. During the war, a new item of clothing was almost impossible to acquire. How mother was able to get that for me I don't remember, but to me it was a treasure. I did not have to share it with my brother, it was not someone else's passed down. It was mine. One can not understand the joy of having a simple item as that unless one has suffered the deprivations of a war torn country.

As I watched my treasure disappearing, sadness overpowered me. I was oblivious of the fact that soon I too would be in the water. I only thought of my coat, the only thing that I had in this world that was mine. Then father thought that if he is going to drown, it mattered not whether it occurred inside or outside. Frantically he started to tear up the floorboards, and by divine luck, came upon the place where a plank was stove in. He hollered that he had found the leak.

Like a Tesla Coil, an electrifying spark of hope surged through the people. They tore off clothing and handed them to father. He pushed and pounded the rags into the hole, and managed to staunch the inflow of water to the point where we were able to toss out more than came in, and eventually the water was once again merely sloshing around the floorboards. We were afloat, but our condition was desperate. The storm had abated some, but while we were out of imminent danger, we had no way of knowing how much longer the boat could hold out after such punishment.

By now it was dark, and it was decided to make a distress signal. Rags were stuffed into the chamber pot. I can't imagine anything being dry, but it's possible to wring cotton to semi dryness. Gasoline was poured into the pot. How a dry match was found is beyond my recollection, but the pot was lighted, and the surrounding area was bathed in orange light. One man stood up on the deck, and with arms around the mast stump, he took the pot and held it high. Shortly thereafter it

burned his hands and he dropped it. It fell on top of the engine, and flames engulfed much of the immediate surroundings. Nothing caught on fire (how could it?), and although the burning gasoline floated about, it was soon extinguished, and once more we were in darkness.

Bailing and praying, we waited for the dawn, which was not long in arriving. The storm was over, but the weather was still leaden, with threatening waves. Then someone shouted, "A boat!" With apprehension and hope, we strained to see the flag. We feared that the storm may have pushed us back to Estonia. As the boat got closer, we could make out a cross. "Finnish," someone shouted. Thank God, we at least got to Finland, we were safe. As the boat neared, the flag turned out to be Swedish. Instead of pushing us backward, the storm pushed us toward Sweden. Our flare had been sighted, and this boat was already searching for us.

We were towed to an island, and allowed to go ashore. No one could stand, for having been jostled about for so long at sea, the ground seemed to sway and move as if one with the ocean. We stumbled about as if drunk, much to the amusement of the Swedes, and ourselves. After this ordeal, I was able to salvage a small victory. I had stashed moth-eaten shoes between the bench and the hull. One shoe still remained, and I was able to give that to mother.

We were then taken to Stockholm, where we were scrubbed and deloused (standard practice under these circumstances), given fresh clothing, oh how wonderful that felt, and then taken to a military base in the harbor, where we were housed in barracks, and fed, and fed, and fed. Our bodies rebelled at such rich food, with the result of intestinal mutiny. Most of us suffered from diarrhea. Being a military base, and somewhat primitive, there were several two or three hole latrines, which were in constant occupancy.

After a few days, I don't remember how many, we were taken to a refugee village, with a post office, a small store and a school house. To us kids life could not be better; eat, sleep and play. I had had a small pocket knife in Estonia, with which I used to carve little pine bark boats, or make whistles and squirts, out of bamboo. I lost it, probably in the woods. While walking along a street, I found it again. I knew it was mine, because I just knew. Whoever found it had also made it to safety, whether one of us, or on another boat.

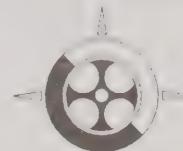
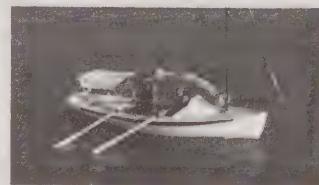
In due time, after the winter, work was obtained by the adults, and as the earlier arrivals vacated the camp, new ones took their place. A new life, and the start of a new adventure began, which eventually culminated in a clandestine departure from there.

"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessings of the Lord" (Deut 16:16)

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Nicola Dixon, Maritime Artist

Well, it was just the primary and all the high muckety-mucks had already been decided on Super Tuesday before it all trickled down to Florida (thank goodness). So there wasn't any real reason to vote except that I am actually a Florida resident and there are a few good people in the lower echelons of government who I know and trust, and the hot shot contingent is always trying to run in some yahoo so as to get the planning and zoning boards and the county commission and all in their pockets and the primary is when most of the real deciding gets done. You know, despite being almost purely politically ignorant, I do know how to tell a good man when I see him and it is unfair to tar the whole batch with the same brush, just like it is wrong to be a universal bigot about any group of people especially if they didn't chose to be in that group like politicians do.

I won't go into the small fry in my home county, but I will tell you a few Washington politicians of whom I approve. One is Bill Graham from Florida and that is a rare bird, right there. Florida is not well known for governmental excellence. I don't know how Graham managed to make it to the Senate. Another good one I know about is Zell Miller from Georgia. Though some of his notions are as conservative as any Republican, he is a Democrat.

You know, you can't trust any southern Republican. The South has always been traditionally Democrat until the hotshots ran out of new ground for rapine and destruction and sent their out-of-place flunkies down here to take over places like Atlanta and Tallahassee and Texas. Old Zell is a straight shooter and not one to hedge his bets. He is a country boy, straight up, and was raised right. Too bad he and Bob Graham are trying to give up poli-

The tide has already started coming in. That's my Bert Dow hat hanging on the throttle on the starboard side. The whole boat is salty from the spray of the night. You can see the starboard anchor line heading off to the north. The port anchor line is under the boat. When it was anchored, both the anchors were either side of the bow but the wind shifted. It doesn't really matter, two anchors like that will hold the boat from tacking back and forth an getting crossways to the breakers no matter how the wind shifts.

Voting Day

By Robb White

tics like Sam Nunn had to do. Too bad another man, Max Cleland, from Georgia couldn't do anything with the forces that be either. Oh well, I guess the good guys are just too few to handle all the durn Republicans and durn Democrats that are running the show.

Admitting that I am a Florida resident is sort of humiliating, not just because of the status of the politics of the state, but because such a revelation demonstrates the flaws in my work ethic. If I stay at the coast more than I do at work, I must be sort of an un-American sort of member of the work force. Of course, I am self-employed and pay my taxes and social security (?), but I have to tell you that I don't believe in busting my ass just for objects of ostentation, and to hell with people who look down their noses at me when I pull out with the boat hooked on the back of my car when they are on their way to work early on Monday.

It is Monday morning as I write this. I have to go vote tomorrow and I sure do hope this norther lies down a little bit. When we came over here to the island, Sunday morning, it was the prettiest sort of day. There was a light west wind and just a few pre-front, high cirrus clouds...one of those days when the water sparkles and the gulls look extra white. We slid the old Rescue Minor off the trailer with the savior faire of lots of practice and loaded her up with all the junk (includ-

ing a spare well pump...one never knows) and eased out the river against the rising tide. It was a good trip over and I was able make some comparisons of the boat with old/new which we have been running most of the winter.

Rescue Minor is an entirely different boat. For one thing, I guess because is so much bigger (20' x almost 7' vs. 16' x almost 6') it'll run much faster in any conditions. Another reason for that might be the way the RM runs with the bow in the water all the time instead of planing on the stern third of the boat like most planing boats do. That makes it not pound as bad as the old skiff. Though it is wetter when it gets to the point where I need to slow down, that point is much faster than the little skiff. If I run the Rescue Minor at the skiff's speed it is just as dry (which that skiff is the driest planing boat of that size that I ever saw).

It is funny how a man will convince himself that something is more attractive than it actually is. Such an error in judgment is usually the result of inexperience. My wife is real bad about that and it is just because she hasn't had much experience with other men. Anyway, I won't go all into it but just list the comparisons that I observed. That uncanny stability of the Rescue Minor is one of the most obvious things. Though it follows the average surface of the sea, it doesn't roll and flop sideways with a quartering sea like the old skiff and that's nice. Another thing is that with the bow in the water like that, it doesn't have to crab up into it like the 16' boat. Another thing is that it doesn't have that lapstrake chuckle to the bow (which I sort of miss).

This is hard to believe, but Jane and I both agree...the Rescue Minor engine runs quieter than the little Honda eight. You can hear the diesel clatter but it is up under that box. The exhaust note is low pitched and quiet, too. And get this, it doesn't vibrate as bad. I guess that is because the boat is so much heavier (500 lbs. vs 155 lbs.). Like any engine there are throttle settings that must be avoided but the range of each set of harmonics is very narrow so they are easy to avoid.

Another peculiarity is that Rescue Minor won't go as slow as the little boat. That's because the little Honda will idle down so slow. I have not broken the seal on the low idle screw on the pump of the Kubota, so it is still idling at whatever the factory set it to and it feels too fast to me (say 600rpm but I don't know). I know they did that so that the oil pump wouldn't be able to get the oil all the way to the valve train.

I don't think Kubota would honor any warranty claim from me with the way I have the engine set up, so I am going to clip the seal and take the valve cover off so I can see what's what and idle it down to where it is oiling the valves at an idle speed that suits me...after all, I do own the damn thing.

So we opened up the house and checked around and left for the harbor to check on the mooring on the old sailboat (Morgan 30, 1967) and maybe catch a little something for supper. It was an easy downwind trip and the tide was high enough that we could run right down the beach for those three miles. Because of all the rain the water was very stained with tannin from the rivers and swamps and I couldn't see the bottom, but the waves were big enough that they would have been breaking on anything the Rescue Minor couldn't



run over except for maybe a new jackleg mobile home hurricane anchor some of these other islanders like to screw about halfway down for a mooring. They usually don't do too much of that in the cold winter time so I felt confident.

There was only one other boat anchored on the bayside and that was my old buddy, the permanent resident who has lived here since the early '70s. As an act of arrogance I hooked her up wide open and ran between his anchored skiff and the beach. With that, he came out on his porch and waved at us. I was actually surprised to see him. His work ethic is better developed than mine and his business is moving back all these houses that people built out where the beach is eroding some 15 or 20' a year so he has plenty of work. I guess he was home for lunch...or trying to fix some of his old rusty machinery.

Anyway, we moseyed to the harbor and checked on the cormorant's bathroom (give me a two-day permit and a 20 gauge single barrel and I could clean this island of those nasty sombitches...am I bigoted or what?). The only lee was along the west shore of the harbor where I have caught a bunch of mullet just throwing my net flatfooted off the beach, but the water was so stained and deep that I couldn't see at all...and the jelly fish were so thick I knew I would catch a net full and, even if I shook the net and washed it as best I could, there would be so many tentacles clinging to the meshes that my neck and arms would get et up, so I declined to throw at any little possible hint I thought I saw and walked about half a mile down the beach to this little marsh hole where the supply boat that took care of the turpentine camp used to tie up. One of these days I'll tell you about that remarkable way of life, but now I am after mullet.

On previous rough trips down there this winter to check on things, I had noticed that they were in the harbor all winter long, which is a rare thing. Usually in a cold winter like this mullet either go south or up in rivers or something and don't show back up at the island until around the middle of March, but some of them stayed here and now (the middle of March) have been joined by the little spring mullet. When I got to the hole I could see across the sandy spit that separates it from the main part of the harbor that they were in there alright. The wind had picked up considerably and northed around a little into the WNW and it is hard to throw the net into the wind, so I decided to go across the spit and wade through the marsh grass to get to the upwind side. On my way across the narrow spit of almost bare sand I passed a little bush (beach lavender...the cutest little bush with the best smelling foliage and little lavender flowers you ever saw) and a small coon growled at me so fiercely that I jumped at least 18" straight up. I could barely see his little face down in there in the middle of the little bush. I left him alone.

At that, I want to tell you about a buddy I had when I was in the Navy. He was from Michigan and was an outdoor sort of person and we swapped tales about things. He told me about walleyes and lake trout and grouse and wolverines and things and I told him about possums and armadillos and catfish and alligators and all. One time I told him about how we used to go coon hunting with dogs and how fierce the coons were when we shook

them out of the tree and how even a good and experienced dog would have a hard time subduing a good sized coon and how a young, inexperienced dog might get his ass whipped five or six times before he learned how to handle a coon.

"We have plenty of coons up in Michigan," he replied. "We just grab them and stuff them into a sack."

You know politeness and modesty is sort of firmly ingrained into the personality of high class Southerners like me, so I just took the man at his word but I have to tell you, unless the coons of Michigan are a different breed from the coons we have down here, I don't think even a man from downtown Detroit would have reached down and grabbed even a little coon like the one in the lavender bush but once. If he had weighed 20 pounds like some of these old boar coons do, I bet Jesse Ventura wouldn't have wanted to keep hold of him more than a second or two. Of course, he is from Minnesota, but that's close.

Anyway, after I regained my composure I just walked on by that fierce little booger. Fortunately there weren't too many jellyfish in the little turpentine boat pool but the water was stained so badly that I couldn't see but about a foot deep, but I knew they were in there so I threw blind. I caught a net full of spring mullet with the first throw but they were all so little that they got out through the meshes before I could get my hands on but two. While I was putting them in the sack a big, insolent mullet made at least 15 jumps all around the pool. They always roll sideways when they do that so they can look you in the eye and they never do it when you are in a position to throw. One jump was so close that it splashed water on me.

After I got my net made up again I tried to figure out where he might be hiding and decided that he or some other big ones might be over by where a little pine tree overhangs the pool. I knew right where there was an oyster bar near there, but also where there was a clear hole, so I waded along the edge about crotch deep (which is as deep as I can get a full spread of the 18' net...are you attending, Arnold Swartzenegger?). About halfway to the hole I cut my right big toe to the bone on an oyster and, after whining and examining it, decided that since I was almost where I needed to be and two spring mullet weren't enough, I would pussy foot on in and make my throw.

I caught two old spawned out "door pegs," poor old skinny mullet that aren't fit to eat until they manage to fatten back up around June. I was very disappointed and turned them loose but I knew the insolent jumper was no door peg. While I was mincing my way through the oysters on my way back out, I saw a big swirl out in the middle of the pool and threw as hard as I could. Immediately the fish hit the net and pushed it out of the water in an attempt to jump out. I could see the look in his (her) eyes. "Now baby, what you gonna do?" I said as I pulled her fat ass in. I didn't even take her out of the net but waded on back (giving the coon a wide berth) to the boat with the fish in the net. Two little spring mullet and a good sized one (15") is just right for supper and a little left over to help out the egg for breakfast.

All the time that had happened it was breezing up for real out of the WNW just about dead wrong for going back to the house. The boat had lost its lee and Jane had had to re-anchor it. I piled in with the net and our

This is how my buddy moves a house back. You can see the old pilings out on the beach and the new ones up on the dune. He has already rolled the house back on those two I-beams that are still on temporary pilings and now he is jacking it up to roll onto the new sills. He has to move his I-beams next. He uses 2" steel pipe for rollers and the house moves so easily that he can pull it with his backhoe when he gets ready, but getting ready is the hard part. Those new pilings are 40' long, say 30' in the ground. He jets them down with compressed air and water. He earns his money. You can't build a little shanty like that anywhere in Florida anymore but you can get a permit to build a regular Taj Mahal right on the beach. Well, YOU can't, but some people can...and get government subsidized insurance, too.



supper and it was a rough trip back to the house. I estimate the wind a steady 20 (nautical knots...not statute mph) on the flats, that makes it rough. The waves can't get away from the bottom so the wave length is short, but they build up such a square cornered height that it is amazing.

Out in the channel where it is 18' or 20' deep would have been better but it would have been about twice as far to do it that way than just to beat back along the island on the flats, so that's what we did. Despite being about half a wave length too long, Rescue Minor will do that pretty good. The big bow doesn't let it dig into the oncoming waves and the fact that it stays in the water all (well, most) of the time makes it hold on to the course and not try to get bashed or blown off to the side.

So it was just a slow trip was all. We held just beyond the breakers and the little Kubota just chucked along just a little above idle. It wasn't even all that wet. RM has that big bow and it sort of cuts back on spray right from the front but a side chop will blow spray back over those low sides. It is all a compromise but I am still thinking about "improvements." We would have had to go out to the channel in the little skiff. It would have pounded so bad up there in the breakers on the flats that we couldn't have made enough headway to amount to anything. But once out there, it would have been able to take the bigger waves one at a time and would have ridden them like a duck without any spray at all.

I know I have run what I think of the seaworthiness of very small boats into the ground, but I have to give you one more example. Back when son Wes was still single we went to Panama City to look at a maritime junk store and, since he had plenty of money due to having a good job and no responsibilities, he tried to buy them out. I bet we had 100 pounds of old used hardware. That was back when we were still running the old motor whaleboat from our dock way the hell and gone up the river and using a little 7-1/2' plywood pram for a dinghy. It was late and we were tired from all the driving and shopping and were ready to fire up the whaleboat and head on home for supper, but the tide was out much further than usual and the damned thing was high and dry. There was nothing for it but to take the pram or sleep in the car.

We loaded up (never leave anything in a car at any river landing anywhere, and that includes the battery and the gas) and fired up the little 2hp Evinrude and moseyed out on the three miles worth of river trip and then the nearly four miles across the bay. The full moon began to rise just as we made it to the mouth of the river...and it began to roughen up with about a 20 knot wind right on the cheek of the little pram...and the tide was still falling against the incoming waves and, child, I am here to tell you it was rough. Fortunately the water was warm and we put on the life preservers and I tried to hold the boat so it wouldn't take much water over the sides and still make a tiny bit of headway toward the island which we could see gleaming brightly in the moonlight.

The little Evinrude never missed a lick the whole way and the tiny, overloaded pram just rose and fell like a cork all the way over. We had to bail out a whitecap every now and

then but no green water came in the boat. Luckily we had already had another real low tide and had a big bowl of clam chowder in the icebox, so supper was assured and we were glad to get it, too. You know a steaming cup of chowder on a cold and windy night feels pretty good. I'll tell you more about clam chowder but first I have to give you some medical advice.

I cleaned the fish and got them ready to fry and then fixed my toe. I have discovered those remarkable waterproof 3M Nexcare™ bandages. In my experience, when 3M (am I getting paid for all these endorsements...not yet) says something will stick, it'll stick. If you don't believe that, put a little dab of 5200 in your hair. I scrubbed the skin on either side of the cut with acetone and pulled the edges together and stretched the biggest of those things I had over it and there it is, this morning, holding good enough to go clamping.

You know primitive people didn't have all the luxury of the emergency room. They didn't get to sit in there in those stinking vinyl chairs holding their wounds with all those other miserable people infected with all those different modern diseases. Even though the emergency room option was not open to me over here on this island (hospital facilities in Franklin County are intermittent at best so far), I wouldn't have gone anyway. To hell with catching a potentially fatal staphylococcus infection so virulent that only one or two last ditch antibiotics can even control it and nobody knows when that denizen of hospitals will learn to resist even those. My wife has a pretty good-sized scar on her toe that is very attractive and this one will be, too.

For cuts bigger and in more highly stressed areas, I recommend unraveling strands of fiberglass and, after the acetone scrub, super gluing them across the cut. That (in my humble opinion) is almost as good as a regular suture job. The super glue sheds off about the time to go get the stitches out (which...why would a person who owns a little pair of scissors and some tweezers go to have that done?).

There are some cuts for which the only option is to just sew them up. If that happens and you can't get to the emergency room, you can do it yourself but it is much harder to do than the fiberglass super glue trick or the remarkable 3M bandage. Whew, y'all, first I'm giving political endorsements, now medical advice...what next, stock market trading ethics? Hell no, I don't know anything about money management because I haven't had any experience. Let me tell you about the clams.

It blew like anything during the night and the wind switched around to straight out of the north. About 3:30am I heard what I thought was a 35 knot gust and turned on the weather radio to hear the little artificial German (they have him and an artificial midwesterner on there now...they swap off like the Smothers brothers) say, "At the data buoy 50 miles out in the Gulf south of Apalachicola, the winds were north, 25 with gusts to 35."

The moon was full and in the bright, clear night I could see the waves breaking clear across the flats from the channel. The Rescue Minor, anchored close to the beach in front of the house, was pitching like it was at sea. I was glad that we had had sense enough to take the Bimini top down and set

out the twin Bruce anchors. I watched while she rode out another of those 35-knot gusts (spray blowing clear across the island to the sea side) and went back to bed because, even though the house was battened down, it was blowing a good 15 in there and cold...38 by morning.

I know all y'all old tough Yankees who read this magazine are tired of the whining of someone who stays down around the Georgia/Florida line about how cold and rough this winter has been, so I am going to treat you at least as politely as I did my Michigan buddy about the coons. But like the few honest politicians I already mentioned, I am obliged to tell the truth. I don't think there is a man among you who will stand buck naked in my coast house during a 25-knot, 38-degree norther for very long. Coons is coons and thermostats is thermostats.

In the morning the Rescue Minor was high and dry and it was still cold and blowing about 25 but the full moon tide was out so far that I believe there were flats exposed that had never had a human footprint on them since the days when people knew what it was to be hungry. We weren't hungry but we are sure enough gourmets and, as such, not content to eat out of tin cans and plastic packages so we scurried around for something warm to put on ("Here is Little Bear, he wants something warm to put on" was my grandchildren's favorite book when they were little) and scurried with the bucket out on the flats.

It is amazing how ignorant and complacent people get when not faced by the necessity for finding themselves something to eat once or twice a day. I don't think there is any other person on this island that knows how to find clams but us. They pick up the shells and take them home for decorations but it never occurs to them that there is a vast natural resource out there on the flats. Most of them don't know how to fish either except for trolling endlessly back and forth. When it is rough and the deep V has sloshed the contents of their guts back and forth as much as they can stand it, they'll line up in the few little sheltered places and troll back and forth all day long like cormorants following a school of pogies...except there won't be any school of anything but them and they are wasting their time and all that gas, but they came to fish and fish they'll do without even an inkling that there are mullet all along the beach and sand trout (Gulf kingfish, commonly called "whiting") and flounders, redfish, sheepsheads, and plenty of other much better eating fish than the Spanish mackerel they are trolling for.

There are about four kinds of edible bivalves in the Gulf, but the best ones are quahogs and sunray Venus clams and it doesn't take long for an experienced person to get enough for a real good chowder. That's a good thing because we forgot our white rubber boots and the toes get sort of numb when wading in 58-degree water in a 20-knot norther. We trotted out to the outermost bars and quickly dug just what we needed for supper tonight.

That's about six good-sized quahogs and a dozen small sunrays. All the sunrays got killed off by a red tide about two years ago and the new crop are still sort of small. A grown sunray clam is 7" or 8" long around here and a big quahog is as big as a softball. We didn't get any that big and I usually don't

dig those because they are so old that I feel guilty.

There are plenty of clams in the Gulf of Mexico but they are hard to find even if you know how. For one thing they live in hard sand and even in grass beds so you can't just rake around and luck up on one. You have to have a real low tide and that usually only happens on the full and new moon during a norther. The reason the tide has to be so low is that the surf washes them up if they are too close in to shore and the birds eat them. During a low spring norther the flats are not only exposed further out, but for a longer time and, before long, there are bird tracks all over the place. Not too many clams who have let any portion of their person get washed into plain sight can escape those old sharp eyed birds, and they can get into the toughest old thick shelled mercenaria that ever lived.

There was plenty of evidence of their success out on the flats this morning, but out on the bitter edge where the waves were breaking we found all we needed and hurried back to the house where we sat in the lee with the bright sun shining on our feet while I cleaned the clams and Jane cut up the onions and celery.

Po Boy Clam Chowder...a recipe. Clean about 18 good-sized clams. Quahogs do not allow grit inside, so all you have to do is open them and scrape them out of there. Sunrays do ingest grit into their guts so you have to carefully gut them. Their stomach is the only place there is any sand, though, and though

the rectum goes down inside the meat of the foot, it has no sand in it so, like an oyster, you don't need to worry with the after part of the alimentary canal. Sunray clams have a selective device that expels the sand in the stomach out the way it came in. The best way to gut a clam is with a dry paper towel. Just pull off all that gray looking stuff and carefully wipe the meat of the foot and foot retracting muscle which is encapsulated by the stomach.

Do not let the juice inside the shell get away from you. After you get the clams cleaned, fry up the onions and celery in a frying pan with a little butter until the onions are clear. While they are simmering, cut up the clams into sort of small pieces. Fry them with the onions and all for a little while but not too long or they'll get tough. Decant the clam juice out of the cleaning bowl into the frying pan without letting any of the sand get into the broth. Boil it up for just long enough to sterilize the juice and then put the whole mess into a pot with enough whole milk to suit you (and sour cream if you have it but us po boys don't need it and you don't even need the milk). Simmer for a

while without boiling the milk.

You won't have to add much salt unless you didn't have enough clams, but you will need to put in some black pepper right at the last so you won't evaporate all the essential oils. I always like a good scum of Cayenne on top of my cup sort of skating around in its own effervescence...and a brisk, clear norther whistling in the screen wire and the full moon shining down on the white sand and sparkling water and the good old boat out there standing by.

How to find the clams of the northern Gulf of Mexico. Hell, man I ain't going to tell you that.

Oh, yeah, I know you want to know who I think ought to be the running mate of the Democrat candidate, don't you? Whoopee Goldberg, that's who.

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A couple of years ago when my wife and I were vacationing in California she noticed an antique store named Early Poverty and asked me stop and photograph it for our friend. Our friend's wife loves to collect antiques, and he tells her that she is going to drive them to "early poverty" if she doesn't stop.

While photographing the sign I noticed a wooden boat for sale in the yard. A closer look revealed that most of it was constructed of solid mahogany and was probably a Snipe class sailboat. It was in pretty bad shape, all of the seams had separated and the bottom and middle part of the deck were painted a garish yellow, but it appeared that it could be "saved." Mast, boom, and standing rigging appeared to be all there. It was on a rusting, but very heavily built, also garish yellow, trailer. I had seen too many beautiful wooden boats that had been forgotten and left to fall apart and rot. I felt that I needed to save this boat, but it was a long way from home and I really didn't need another boat. (I now have four sailboats and four kayaks).

After a few days of thinking (my wife would catch me with that faraway look and say, "You're thinking about that boat, aren't you!"), soul searching, and trying to figure how to get the boat back to my home in Austin, Texas, I contacted the owner. I learned that the original, probably cotton, sails had been replaced by dacron and the running rigging was in good shape. We negotiated a price with the agreement that the owner would store it until I could bring it home. A friend and I took a long 4th of July weekend, drove to California, overhauled the trailer, and towed the boat back to Austin.

Research revealed that this boat is a very rare mahogany planked Snipe. Most early Snipe class boats were built of plywood. The boat has a long, cross country history. In 1940 the Snipe class racing association registered its sail number, 3920, to an owner in Chicago.

The Story Of Early Poverty

By Monte Rhodes

Subsequently the boat made it to the foothills of California and was actively sailed on local lakes for a few years. About 15 years ago the boat was stored in a barn and forgotten.

Through the internet I learned about Tom MacNaughton, a naval architect who has a design business and boat yard in Maine. On his website he offered help with the renovation of older wooden boats. I e-mailed him pictures of my boat and he graciously offered to help with my project via e-mail. After many hours of work and many coats of paint and varnish, I now have a beautiful wooden sailboat.

I started by getting six strong young friends to help me turn the boat over and move it from its trailer to my roll around workbench. My "shop" is a one-car garage where I keep all of my tools and a two-car carport where I do the work and park two cars. By using bathroom scales and weighing the four corners of the workbench, I determined that this Snipe weighed about 900 lbs. Since competitive racing Snipes weigh less than 400 lbs. I had no illusions of winning any races, but I was pretty sure that this boat refinished would be a winner for looks.

Per Mr. MacNaughton, I first cleaned out all of the loose material between the bottom planks. By scraping and sanding I removed the small amount of loose paint. The color of the paint was remarkably like "road stripe yellow." Since it adhered so well it's a safe assumption that that is what it was. I replaced some small sections of cracked planks and many loose wood screws. Seams were re-caulked with cotton and two part polysulfide was used for stopping. Interlux primer and two coats of Brightside finished the bottom.

Next I removed the varnish from the sides and rubrail using a heat gun. After trying sanding and then scraping, the heat gun turned out to be the best solution. I'm not sure about paint removal, but if you haven't tried using a heat gun to remove varnish, I recommend it highly.

With application of the first couple of coats of varnish, that 60-plus-year-old mahogany started to glow! That gave me even

more confidence that this boat was going to be very beautiful. After many, I lost count, coats of varnish it was time to get my young friends back to turn the boat upright and put it back on its trailer.

I had a professional painter "bead blast" and spray paint the trailer. It was no longer road stripe yellow, now it was the same off white that the non-mahogany part of the deck would be painted.

All the bronze deck fittings were removed, plus the loose material between the decking planks and any loose paint. The decking planks had been fastened with nails, many of which had worked loose. I reset all of the nails and then used thickened epoxy to fill the recessed nail holes and to fill in all of the spaces between the planks.

It would not have been a good idea to use epoxy on the bottom planks because they would swell when the boat was put into the water. But since the decking planks would not be immersed and would not swell, epoxy could be used with no potential problem.

The center section of the deck was planked with something other than mahogany, I believe bass wood, so it had been painted. I smoothed and repainted that part of the deck, then stripped the old varnish off the mahogany part of the deck, again with my trusty heat gun. And again, that old mahogany just glowed after a few coats of varnish were applied.

I stripped and varnished the mast, boom, rudder, tiller, and the large mooring cleat in the center of the foredeck and shined up and reattached the bronze fittings. That pretty much took care of the outside of the boat and the rigging, so I started on the inside.

The removable floorboards were in pretty good shape. I just had to refasten the boards to the cross braces and refinish them. I used Dek's Olje flat sealer and they came out looking pretty well.

On the places where I could reach I scraped and sanded the loose paint and varnish on the frames and inside bottom planking. The bottom is double planked, 5/16" Philippine mahogany running longitudinally on the outside and 3/4" mahogany on a diagonal in the inside. I repainted under where the floorboards go and varnished the rest.

Everything was finished just in time for the annual Antique Wooden Boat Show on Lake Austin. As always, most of the boats were powerboats and they were as beautiful as ever. But there were two of us in the show with sailboats and exhibited them proudly.

Now for the sea trials. On a beautiful, windy, sunny, fall day several friends helped me rig and launch my renovated Snipe, appropriately named *Early Poverty*, on Lake Travis. There was a pretty steady leak around the centerboard case, that will probably swell and seal itself, and a couple of other minor problems that were soon fixed. I learned that a 900 lb. boat with only 125sf of sail still moves very well with a good wind. The boat handled very well, tacked just like it should, and plowed through the short Lake Travis wind waves like they weren't there.

Thank you to everyone who answered my request for information that I put in this magazine when I first acquired my Snipe. And a special thank you to Tom MacNaughton in Eastport, Maine, for his kind advice and encouragement.

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Sea trials for the new NorseBoat 17.5 Sailing and Rowing Cruiser were conducted in February in the Florida Keys. NorseBoat President Kevin Jeffrey and Florida dealer Bob Williams were on hand to take part in the launching of Hull #1 and the subsequent sailing and rowing trials.

The innovative NorseBoat 17.5 exhibited sparkling performance on almost every point of sail and in the rowing mode. The boat proved to be fast, yet stable, and displayed good balance, tracking ability, and ease of handling and wherever she was sailed, rowed, or trailered she drew an admiring crowd.

The NorseBoat 17.5 is a gaff-rigged cat with freestanding carbon fiber mast and a 105sf fully battened, loose-footed mainsail attached to the mast with traditional wooden hoops. The free-sliding hoops permit the mainsail to be raised and lowered effortlessly and allow it to maintain an efficient foil shape. During trials the crew found that the boat sailed well without a boom, but one of the oars easily doubles as a boom if desired.

The optional 65sf screecher mounted on a bowsprit can be unfurled or furled in an instant. When sailing close hauled the crew found that the boat pointed higher with the screecher furled, but also that the skipper could choose to leave the screecher up, fall off a bit, and let the additional boat speed offset the larger tacking angle.

Some other things learned during these sea trials:

The boat was well balanced and in most conditions the tiller required little pressure to keep the boat on course.

The efficient hull shape meant that even near hull speed the boat's wake was almost unnoticeable.

Kevin (at 165 lbs.) found that he could stand on the gunwale in still water and not tip the boat over, quite impressive for a boat with a 5'2" beam.

A person in the water can easily climb back onboard amidships; as the person pulls themselves up the boat's gunwale tips close to the water but stops short of allowing water on board. Similarly, under sail the boat heels initially then settles into a comfortable, stable position.

NorseBoat 17.5 Sailing & Rowing Cruiser Sea Trials



These sea trials proved that in the NorseBoat 17.5 designer Chuck Paine and builder Kevin Jeffrey have successfully integrated seaworthiness, good sailing and rowing performance, beautiful lines and details, and versatility. The NorseBoat 17.5 appeals to a variety of markets; larger boat owners who want to downsize, sea kayakers who want to upgrade, daysailers who want a beautiful, practical boat, and anyone who wants a watercraft for tame or adventurous explorations, beach camping, or micro-cruising.

For more information visit
www.norseboat.com
<<http://www.norseboat.com>>



It is not essential, but the crew found themselves wanting to hike out at times. This can be accomplished easily by wearing a harness and attaching the line to the stainless steel mainsheet bail on the aft portion of the centerboard trunk.

The NorseBoat 17.5 displayed its seaworthiness and high performance by excelling in its first race, the demanding WaterTribe Everglades Challenge held March 6-11, 2004 (www.watertribe.com, <<http://www.watertribe.com>>), a 300-mile adventure race from St. Petersburg to Key Largo, Florida. The NorseBoat entry, skippered by Marathon, Florida, dealer Bob Williams, won its Class 4 division and came in third overall.

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Stowage area aboard a small craft of dinghy is always at a premium; therefore a great deal of thought must be given to designing every part of the craft, along with carefully selecting the gear that must be used. Sleeper's sprit pole can be reduced to a more manageable length and was shown in this sketch in the last article.

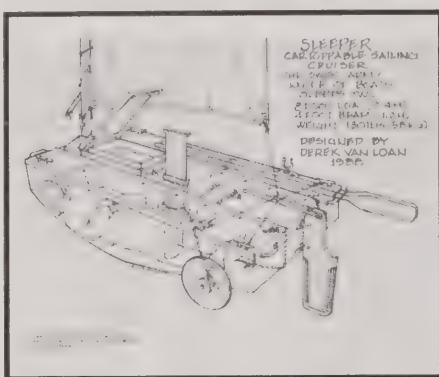
Sleeper has only one sail, it is a small spritsail and is laced to the spar with no hoist, that is, and it is on the spar under sail or struck. In other words, it is meant to stay on the spar at all times and only removed for cleaning or storage. It needs no hoisting halyard as the sail can be struck with the use of a brail line. Here is a sketch of Sleeper's sail with the brailing line shown.

The brail line closes the sail fully or partially, if it is closed only part way, the craft can still be sailed if required. The brailing line is rigged in the following way...a line is tied fast to the spar on the far side of the sail, that line is then passed through an eyelet on the luff of the sail and is then carried on the nearside of the sail to a small block on the spar, the brail line's tail then goes to the foot of the mast and from there the sail

Building Sleeper

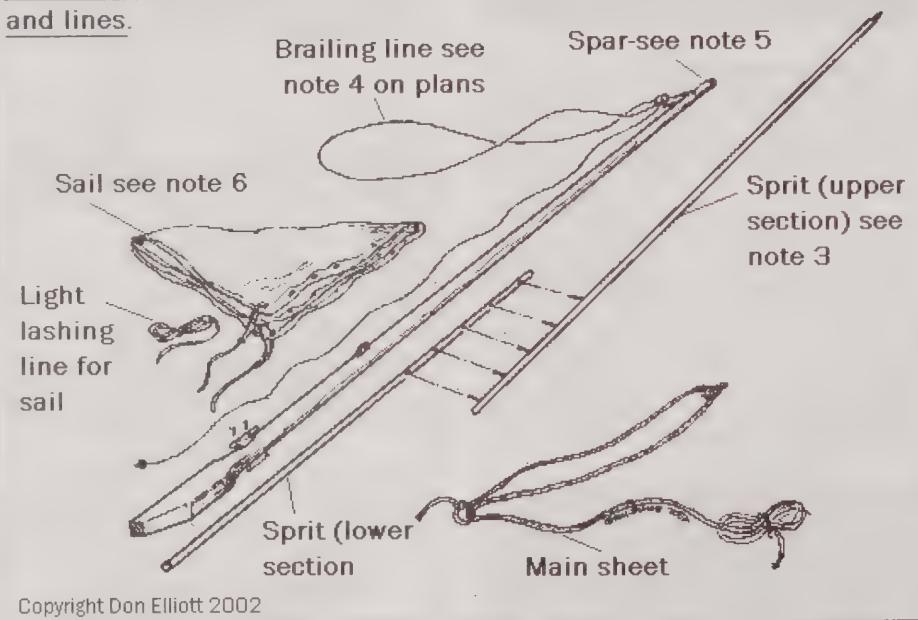
Part 15

By Don Elliott



can be pulled closed much like the curtains on a window. This old time craft shows the sail being brailed underway, a very handy devise indeed.

Sail, spar, sprit pole and lines.



Copyright Don Elliott 2002

To brail the sail the line is put under strain and then the main sheet is eased and the sail brails or closes, make fast the brail line and continue on. This is not only handy for high winds but also to slow the craft when coming up close to shore or a dock, make sure you do not strike too much sail area as the craft will need enough forward motion otherwise steerage will be lost, in other words, keep a little headway at all time. If there is too much wind or conditions don't allow sailing, use the oars as Sleeper is designed for their use.

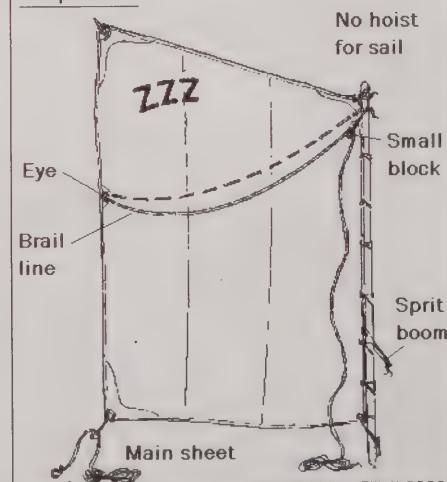
In the first sketch Sleeper's mainsheet was shown. It consists of a small ring, a tiny block and a line. First, before I talk about rigging this line, I would like to talk about the lines that are used aboard the Sleeper, and as a matter of fact, aboard any sailing craft. I will start this talk with a short story. I have a friend that loves sailing, and every opportunity he has he is underway. He invited me to go for a sail, and I accepted. He is a good sailor and had sailed to Hawaii with some friends, so he had plenty of experience in all conditions, however after one outing I told him I would no longer sail with him until he changes the running lines on this craft.

The lines for the halyard and sheets were the wrong type, these improper lines made handling of the craft a pain, actually worse than that, the large sails could not be trimmed in fully or with ease because the lines were designed for anchors and not sheets for a sail. It was a huge struggle to make this craft do what it should do easily.

All lines aboard any sailing craft must be the best one can buy, if you don't have an idea what these should be ask someone who does. Quality braided line is what should be used on all halyards and sheets (Not three stranded line); this includes the brailing line. If the plans do not specify a size, always select the largest size that seems sensible to use for the task. If you are having problems with hoisting or sheeting in use a larger size block or blocks and then select a larger diameter line; a great cure-all for all kinds of running rigging problems. Soft Dacron line for a main sheet is wonderful; buy colored sheets and you will be able to quickly grab the right line every time.

(To be continued)

Sleeper's sail



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About 10 years ago I built a 13'6" Melon Seed (cedar strip, glassed in and out) to Chapelle's plans (courtesy Ships' Plans, Div. Of Transportation, Smithsonian Institute). I had been looking at Chapelle's drawings for several years and when I saw Marc Barto's two lovely lapstrake Melon Seeds at the Newport Boat Show I was pushed over the edge.

On my version I changed the width of the side decks, enlarged the cockpit so as to be able to stow the mast and sprits and, because I usually sail in the shallow water of the Connecticut River, I substituted a centerboard (stainless) for the daggerboard.

The first centerboard I saw on a Melon Seed or its twin, a Seaford skiff, was in *Tuft Cus* built by Barry Thomas for his son at the Mystic Seaport Museum (not listed in the *Watercraft Collection*). Roger Crawford, up in Marshfield, Massachusetts, recently started substituting a centerboard for the daggerboard in some of his beautifully built fiberglass Melon Seeds (also built to the Smithsonian lines).

In the 13'6" Melon Seed one person is fine, two are okay, but with three it gets a bit crowded, especially when it pipes up a bit and you're sitting on a wet sole with the occasional fresh spray. I built a larger version so that my wife could keep her seat dry and sit on a seat like a proper lady, although "proper" is not a high priority with me.

I lofted the Smithsonian plans out to 17' and because that exaggerated the beam I stretched it to 19'. I built it using Tom Hill's technique of lining off the molds with stringers and routing the planks (1/4" okoume) to the stringers. It went together very easily with no edge setting. The laps were epoxy glued, clamping them to the stringers with clamps cut from 1/2" plywood. This saved a small fortune on clamps. Building this way eliminates the need for spiling. The boat is fully glassed inside and out and the flat bottom and garboards additionally are glassed outside.

Years ago I had a 36' Friendship sloop and I guess I got imprinted because I substituted a gaff rig for the sprit sail on the Melon Seed. I kept the center of effort in the same relative position and fortunately the boat balances well.

One of the outstanding features of the small Melon Seed is its lively and responsive behavior. I was concerned that I would lose that in the larger hull. In boats in the 30' range (the kind I sailed on San Francisco Bay for

Building a Bigger Melon Seed

By Dave McCulloch

10 years) I start to feel less connected to the water and the wind, but the larger Melon Seed, being lightly built (the framing IS all 1/4" plywood done egg crates style) did not lose this responsiveness, and it is a pleasure to sail.

I have had a chance to sail with some Marshall Catboats in a local race on the Connecticut River. They pointed higher so I lost on the upwind legs but my Melon Seed was faster off the wind.

Others have built enlarged Melon Seeds. I haven't seen one but Marc Barto has plans (through the *WoodenBoat Store*) for a 16-footer. Dale Andrews built two 16' cedar strip boats at Mac McCarthy's shop in Sarasota, Florida. I think he just stretched the 13'6" hull rather than relofting. These two boats are finished bright and are lovely to look at. I also remember seeing a 16' Melon Seed being sailed by two young ladies in an old copy of *WoodenBoat*, but at 75 I am too far gone to

remember the builder. The Melon Seed is a design that doesn't suffer from being enlarged.

I have almost finished an 18'6" glassed cedar strip Kingston lobster boat that I lofted from the 20' Ransom hull in Chapelle. I had planned to develop the offsets from the lines because they were not shown in Chapelle's book, but they were available through the Smithsonian. A touch more painting and rigging and this boat should hit the water this spring.

I have rigged it as a gaff headed sloop like Pete Culler's 18'8" Buzzards Bay sloop, divined in part from the Kingston lobster boat, with a staysail and jib set on a bowsprit. Still suffering from Friendshipitis.

The Arquay school in California just completed this same hull, plank on frame, and took it to the Port Townsend Boat Show, where I understand it deservedly drew high praise.

While awaiting Spring I have been building John Gardner's Swampscott sailing dory skiff (*Wooden Boats to Build and Sail*). I haven't been able to find anyone who has built this boat. If anyone has, they can reach me at 18 Rowland Rd., Old Lyme, CT 06371, (860) 734-3319. Give me a call or drop in.



Gluing lapstrake planks on the enlarged Melon Seed using plywood "U" shaped clamps.

Egg crate framing of 1/4"plywood on the enlarged Melon Seed.



18'6" Kingston lobster boat nearing completion.





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The Shivaree series of round bilge utilities are able and nice handing craft, roomy on account of their wide beam and high freeboard. They naturally suggest adaptation as light cruisers. We've played with various ways of arranging cabins or cuddies off and on for some time, and finally determined to pin down a workable layout for the 18-footer. This proposal was triggered by an 18-footer builder who told us that he was designing a "lobsterboat type" cuddy for her. We suggested that an after cabin would work better on the fine bowed hull, and he asked us for "a quick sketch" of what it would be like.

Unfortunately, quick sketches don't do it. Working out the ergonomics and other considerations calls for hard thinking if it's to be up to its potential. We knew that, but it still took us much longer than we'd budgeted. These drawings look natural and obvious (we think), but actually took us a week of tinkering to get the proportions right, in spite of

Bolger on Design Shivaree 18 Cabin Version

Length 18', Breadth 7'

having a lot of the thinking already in the back of our minds. It starts with a quick sketch, just as does a cabin trunk or raised deck over the bow, but having made that, you have to ask a string of questions, more as less as follows:

The added structure will weigh something. Can the boat carry the weight without bogging down? Where can she carry it best? The best place is usually just aft of amidships in boats of this type, close to the so called Center of Flotation, which is the center of gravity of the plan view shape of the waterline. Too far aft usually does less harm to the boat's speed and behavior in rough water than too far forward.

How much of the time will people (their weight, that is) be in the cabin? Underway or at anchor? If it's to be underway, it's best not to have the weight way forward. If the cabin is going to be used as shelter in a rain squall, again it may be best to keep the weight out of the bow.

Where is space available for cabin fittings? These boats have sharp forward waterlines. The right hand section shows that while there is just space to fit workable settees at the forward end, there is not space there for a toilet. Aft, there is plenty of breadth for wide berths with a toilet between.

Should people in the cabin be able to have a good view? If they don't, the cabin will only be used for sleeping, relieving themselves, and possibly, if there is room, eating. Most of the time the cabin will be waste space and what space is left will be crowded. Curtains can take care of a privacy issue. If there's a good view from the cabin, people can spread out as much as they can in the open utility. Some of them may like to have shade without feeling as if they were down in a cellar hole.

How best to make the helm position fit the cabin layout? Driver sitting? Standing? What does she need to see over? The swinging helm shown allows standing with an all around view, with shelter from rain and spray, with a short and narrow "wheelhouse" on centerline and amidships. The aftside window of this doghouse is top hinged to ventilate in rain and keep the windows from misting over. The forward door is Dutch type, to ventilate without giving up all the shelter.

Incidentally, this little house makes a place to stand up straight in the cabin at other

times without an overpowering house. The steerer can be swung aside instantly to go forward. The seated position is not so good. The seat is side saddle, not much of a hardship, but you can't see the water near the boat from there. It isn't as bad as it looks because the view is to one side of the highest part of the bow, and this position would be used only for a rest in open water, occasionally standing up for a better view. The motor control is handy for either position. At anchor the lever of the control can be swung forward to be out of the way of someone sitting there.

Where does the fuel go? A 12 gallon tank fills most of the slop well next to the motor, self draining. The 50hp four stroke motor will cruise this boat at 15 knots with plenty of reserve power and give four to five miles per gallon. Fifty miles is not enough so we fit two more 12 gallon tanks under the settees in the forward cockpit, in the open part of the boat, ahead of the watertight cabin bulkhead, for good ventilation. A hundred and fifty miles, in nine and a half hours, seems ample for this type of cruiser. These tanks are all off the shelf shapes and the forward ones would not fit any further forward or further outboard on account of the narrowing of the hull there. Fitting them in, and locating the motor control, were two points that look obvious when solved but took time to work out.

Have we created a carbon monoxide hazard? The short answer is yes. If the aft end of the cabin was open and the forward end not properly ventilated, people in the cabin would be at risk. The after end doors and hatch, for access to the motor, have been designed with a large overlap, and must be gasketed and dogged reliably gas tight whenever the motor is running. Something to keep in mind, but a forward cabin boat is not free of the risk; CO is sneaky and can be wafted around in devious ways. I've read of two incidents of a helmsman being overcome on an open flying bridge. It's a thing to have in the back of your mind whenever you're in the neighborhood of a running gasoline engine.

That makes the case for the aft cabin boat. The weight of the house will take a couple of knots off her top speed, and reduce her fuel economy whenever she's running at all fast. It certainly would be an amenity at times and suggests some pleasant scenarios. To our eyes, the low part of the house is quite attractive and takes nothing from the looks of these handsome boats. We think the helm doghouse won't be as obtrusive in the boat as it is on the drawing, on account of being set well in from the sides of the main house, and because a lot of it is transparent; no homelier than a Bimini awning, for instance.

Plans of the Shivaree 18, including this "light cruiser" version, are available from us for \$100 ppd. priority mail, to build one boat. Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930-1349

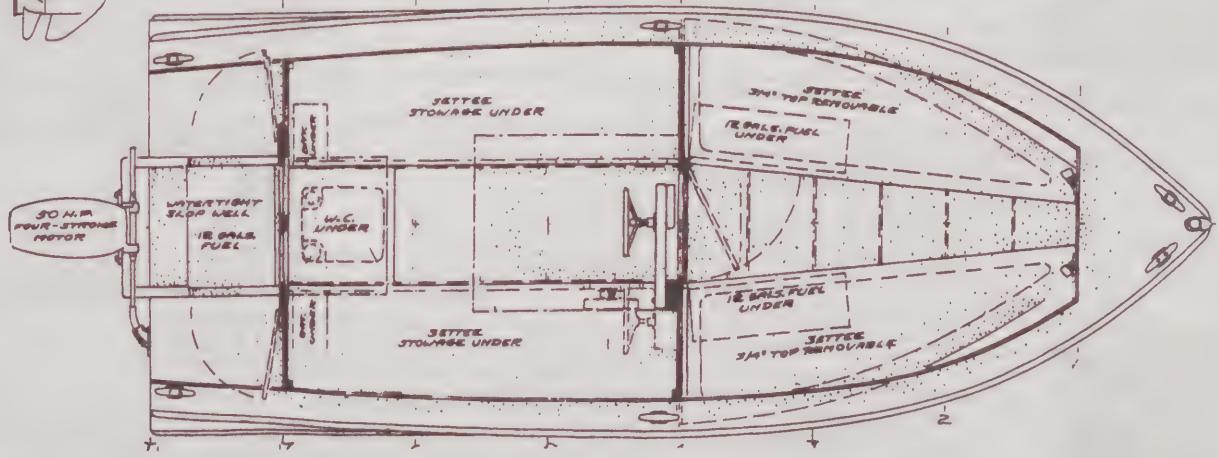
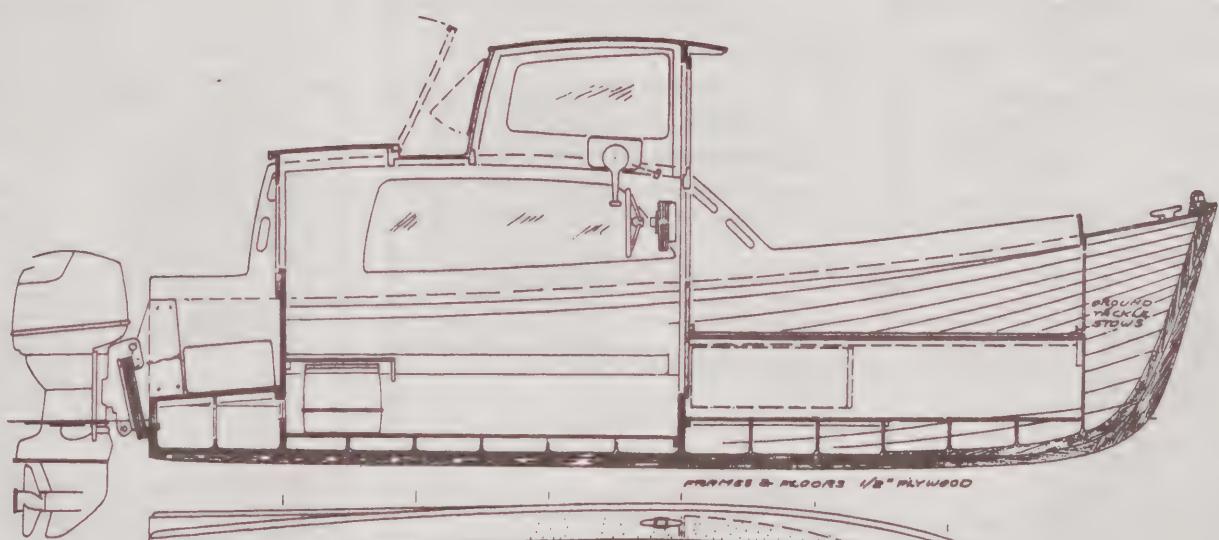
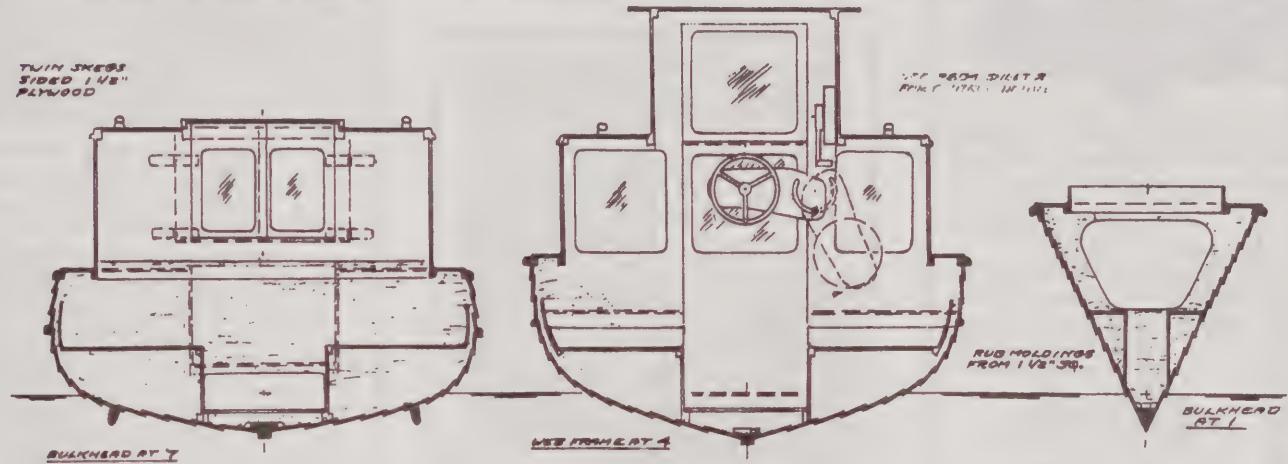


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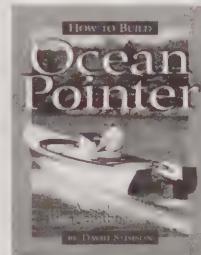


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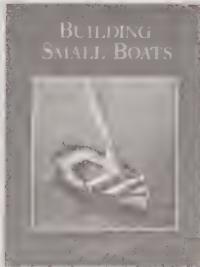
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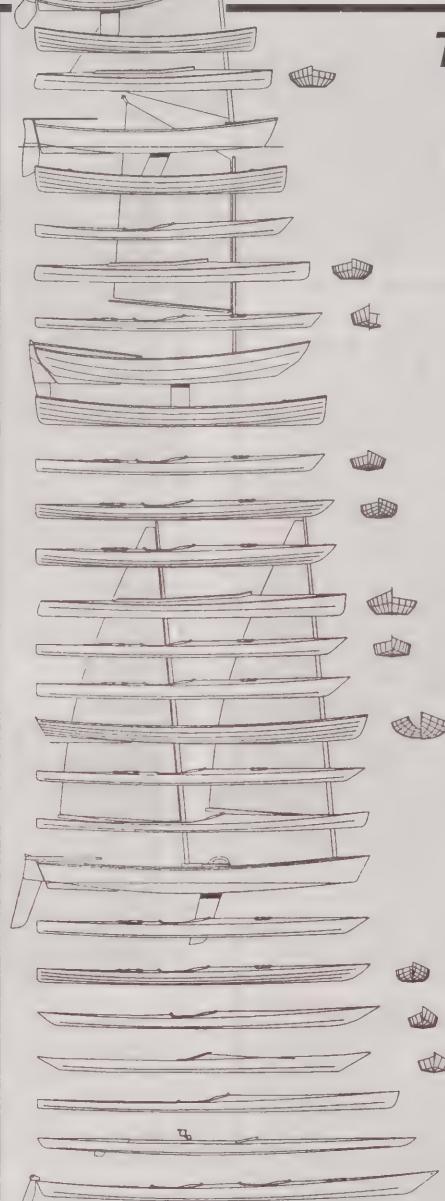
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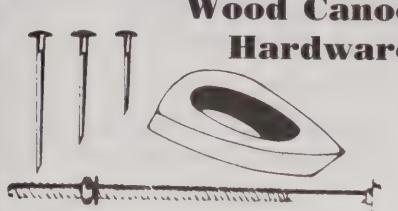


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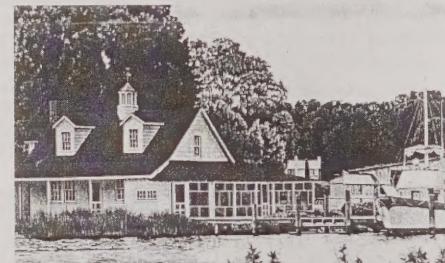


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